BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 418.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The King is the most tactful man on earth. Scarcely had a few newspapers commented upon the inconvenience arising from his Majesty's absence at a time of Ministerial crisis, than he issues a statement, almost an apology, to the effect that his visit to Biarritz "has been undertaken solely in conformity with the strong opinion expressed by his Majesty's medical advisers, owing to the repeated attacks of influenza to which the King has been subjected during the spring of successive years." The *Daily Chronicle*, we think it was, suggested that, for the first time in his reign, the King had been wanting in tact and risking his popularity. And we all know how deservedly proud of his popularity the King is. At the same time, we can't afford to let him run any risks. To think of the country without our present King—well, that is one of the things which we may *only* think about!

And so poor "C.-B." is no more. It was on January 11th last, just before the heart seizure at Bristol, that we wrote: "We regret to hear very unsatisfactory reports of the health of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman." And it was on February 29th we announced the "complete breakdown" of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's health, and added that "Mr. Asquith will become Premier and Mr. Churchill will enter the Cabinet." On March 7th we announced that "Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is lying in an extremely critical condition, and his early retirement is the least shock for which the public must be prepared." Well, now it is all over. He was not a great man, perhaps—but he was something rarer and more precious in public life than that. He was a Gentleman.

There is little to be said about the Manchester and Dewsbury elections. Of the two, Dewsbury was the greater Government blow; but luckily for Mr. Runciman his old majority was big enough to withstand it. Of course, a seat will soon be "found" for Winston; indeed, as we recently stated, one has been expressly kept for him. But his prestige has suffered, and, with it, the prestige of the Ministry. "We intend to proceed with the Licensing Bill even though we fall," said Mr. Lloyd George at the Queen's Hall. "Reckless of consequences," said Mr. Sydney Buxton. "We will sacrifice all," gurgled the *Daily News*. Well, they are doing it—and doing it well.

The G.P.O. is evidently waking up. Perhaps our articles on the Civil Service are in some way responsible. For instance, we have just received an intimation that "this enclosure has been found loose in the Post Office"; and what do you think "this enclosure" is? A packet of papers posted by us to a gentleman in Nottingham in October, 1901! Bravo, Buxton!

Apropos Mr. Morley's "elevation," we recall with interest his first political meeting nearly thirty years ago. It was the opening of his candidature for Westminster, with one of the Grosvenors—and we believe the Duke of Westminster was in the chair. St. James's Hall was packed, and when the famous man of letters rose, we all cheered and waved our hats. At length, these words fell upon our grateful ears: "I am told that in contesting this seat, I am attempting a forlorn hope. Then I say that the forlorn hope is the brave man's opportunity." Oh, for the lost enthusiasm of those days!

A strange story reaches us from the Education Board. It is to the effect that at the last Preliminary Examination for the Teachers' Certificate, amongst the candidates was a brilliant young fellow from Wolverhampton who had passed the Birmingham Matriculation, and should have had no difficulty in securing his Certificate. To his surprise, however, and equally to that of the Wolverhampton Education Committee, he failed. The local authority at once wrote asking for some explanation, but were met by the official, stereotyped reply that "under Art. 12 of the Code no information could be given." We have reason to believe, however, that inquiry has revealed the fact that the

Examiner carelessly omitted to give the proper number of marks not only to this candidate, but to several others. An attempt is being made to hush the whole thing up, notwithstanding that the professional career of this young man, who, as it is, only just failed to get the necessary marks, is practically ruined. We will see what the Education Minister has to say upon the matter.

Speaking of these examinations "for the Certificate," as they are called, leads us to ask who is responsible for the stupid questions which candidates are called upon to answer. Here are a few specimens from the last lot of Papers :—

> Describe with the aid of a drawing the various structures seen by means of a pocket lens in a section across the middle region of a grain of wheat.
>
> How would you measure the rate of transpiration of water from a small plant or a leafy stem ?
>
> How can it be shown that the root responds to external influences of moisture, light, and gravity ?
>
> Compare by drawings the leaves of broad bean and garden pea. Then discuss the means by which the two plants obtain mechanical support.
>
> Describe with the help of drawings the structure of the flowers of the hazel or willow and show how they are adapted for cross-pollination.

Quite apart from the utter stupidity of some of the questions, we would point out that, however proficient a candidate might be in the "knowledge" necessary to answer them, it is quite possible that he might be altogether lacking in the ability to illustrate his replies by "a drawing." The questions, we may say, are for the Science section—but, apparently it should be the Science and Art.

Just one more delightful illustration—from the *History* Section :—

> Explain the difference between direct and indirect taxation.
>
> Explain the following expressions :—Co-opted member, Distraint, Second Reading, Justice of the Peace.

We searched in vain for a *Taxation* Section. Had we found one, we should, of course, have expected to read :—

> Who were Adam and Eve, and state respectively the dates of their birth and death.

Again we ask, *isn't* it possible to save a few millions a year on the Civil Service ?

There has been great excitement down Chatham way. It is all about the sale of tea, coffee, milk, lemonade, and other innocent refreshments in Gillingham Park, on a Sunday afternoon. Recently, it appears, the Council gave permission to a local caterer to supply such comforts to visitors, but unfortunately for the cause of national righteousness, certain councillors of light and leading were absent from the meeting when the permission was granted. Hence notice was given of a motion to rescind the impious resolution, and a great debate has resulted in an equality of votes—with the Mayor giving his casting vote in favour of the Sabbath-breakers. We pray for his soul. Let history, however, record the fact that the doughty champions of Park Purity (and thirst) were Councillor Richards, a pensioned dockyard man and top dog of the local Wesleyans; Councillor Vinall, a little shokpeeper and boss of the Baptists; Councillor Price, who pushes a barrow round the town, and is leader of a special fraternity of his own; Councillor Middleton, another pensioned dockyard man, prominently identified with a little local chapel; and, last but not least, ALDERMAN Edwards (Alderman in capitals, please, Mr. Printer), who has recently been added to the magisterial Bench on retiring from the tailoring business. It is said of him that when the park was first opened he kindly invited all the school children to come and—sing hymns. There's a good Christian soul for you! Verily the world knows little of its greatest men!

Leamington does not appear to be very happy with its vicar. The reverend gentleman came there, said one of the Town Councillors, the other night, "as an ambassador of peace, but they had had nothing but disturbance ever since he came." The latest row appears to be about the municipal concerts at the Public Gardens. The vicar has publicly denounced them as objectionable in character, and being challenged by the Town Council to substantiate the charge his only defence was that "complaints had been made to him"—but he didn't say when, where, or by whom. It is the old story—but it is profoundly dishonourable and contemptible all the same. And then the holy man, who admittedly had no personal knowledge in the matter at all, hurls a gratuitous insult at the whole Council, and, indeed, at the whole town. "I suggest," says he, "that the only remedy is to do away with these inferior music-hall kind of entertainments." A better plan might be to do away with these superior Exeter Hall kind of bigots. It was decided to report the matter to the bishop. But the vicar is probably the bishop's nominee.

An object-lesson in "protection" was afforded the other day at Cancale, where the local fishermen were so much annoyed by the dumping of oysters from St. Malo, that they rose in their fury and pounded 4,000,000 bivalves to powder. No talk about the wicked foreigner in this case, you will observe; no preference even for their own fellow-countrymen engaged in legitimate commerce. We confess that we have never been able to understand why, if "protection" is advantageous when used against a neighbouring country, it should not be equally so against a neighbouring county or even against a neighbouring village. Supposing that we have determined to bolster up agriculture in Essex, it would surely not be sufficient to keep out Russian corn and Argentine cattle, if Yorkshire were enabled by better climatic conditions to undersell the producers. Perhaps our Fiscal Reform readers will let us know what argument can logically be brought forward against the establishment of the Octroi.

Thus a correspondent :—"The translation of the bones of Zola to the Pantheon seems to us a ridiculous, or at any rate an unnecessary act. He was not a great novelist, he did not write particularly good French, and he was utterly destitute of imagination. A certain skill in advertising himself, and a gift of accumulating details in such numbers that they conveyed a false impression of realism, these were the secrets of his vogue. But he does not deserve to be placed on a much higher level than, say, Hall Caine, whom no one would seriously propose to bury in Westminster Abbey. Moreover, Zola's remains having already been decently stowed away, there was surely no object in digging them up again to do them honour. We should have thought that the modern French were too sensible to trouble about such an unimportant matter, and that Zola might have been allowed to remain forgotten, as his novels are by this time. But we suppose it is not the novelist so much as the champion of Dreyfus that the present French Government is delighting to honour." There's originality for you..

Here is a specimen of scores of letters which have recently reached us from clergymen :—

> Hurley Vicarage, Marlow.
> *April* 21, 1908.
>
> DEAR SIR,—May I venture at this critical time to address you on the subject of the Licensing Bill now before Parliament ? The Bill will not conduce in one single particular towards temperance. On the contrary, it will lead to secret drinking. There is not a single institution in England and Wales that is not absolutely paralysed by it.

Every trade in the country will be most grievously worsted if the Bill passes into law.

Relying on the honour and good faith of the State, some years ago I invested much of my private money in brewery debentures and shares. We, here, at Hurley Vicarage, are quite bewildered and panic-stricken at the prospect before us, if this cruel and brutal Bill passes. The number of the unemployed will be vastly increased under the Bill. The Bill is simple robbery from first to last. It cannot be compromised. It is infinitely too monstrous and bad to mend. It must be squashed altogether. I have lived already a longish life (I am 68 years old) and I certainly never remember anything like the scare that is now existing far and wide, amongst all classes of the population, caused by this nefarious Bill. Please show this letter to any other Members of Parliament you think fit to show it to. You are at liberty to make any use you like of this letter.—I am, yours faithfully,

F. T. WETHERED.
(Vicar of Hurley, Berks, for more than forty years. M.A., Ch.Ch. Oxford.)

And here are just a few figures for our prohibitionist friends to ponder over. They relate to Sunday and Early-closing Edinburgh and Glasgow. It was in 1904 that early closing came into operation, and we give the total arrests for drunkenness in that and the three subsequent years. They constitute such an eloquent plea against State interference with the hours of opening. Here they are. Have a good look at them :—

	1904.	1905.	1906.	1907
Edinburgh	6,049	6,072	6,440	6,996
Glasgow	13,456	14,931	20,247	22,025

Are we wrong in declaring in our Amendment to the Licensing Bill that the statistics of drink are most unsatisfactory in these portions of the United Kingdom where restrictive legislation is most in force ?

We are so often constrained to criticise the clergy that we must not omit to say a good word for Rev. Forbes Phillips, vicar of Gorleston, who has been preaching what the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* called "an amazing sermon." He protested against "representatives of modern Pharisaism" plundering "a legitimate trade," and he said that, while visiting twenty public-houses during one week, he found no single instance of disorder or drunkenness. "A man had a perfect right to drink what he wished," and "the only use for the Licensing Bill was to set it to music and send it round the provinces as a comic opera, the modern version of the 'Forty Thieves.'" Finally, he contended that "very few men were drunkards, but dress and drapery led many girls and women to ruin." When the Church thus differs, it is not for the layman to interfere.

Time was when the Presidency of the Local Government Board and the Presidency of the Board of Trade were the lightest and least important jobs which could be offered to Ministers of State. But all that is altered now. The two Presidents have to work as hard as niggers to keep pace with the public claims on their time and talents. If they waste their time and haven't any talents, they aren't worth what the Duke of Wellington used to call a "tuppeny damn," let alone £2,000 a year, whereas if they are the right men in the right places they earn a great deal more than the £5,000 a year which is paid to the political heads of other State departments. Mr. Lloyd George at the Board of Trade earned his £2,000 a hundred times over, and at the Local Government Board Mr. John Burns has been similarly under-capitalised. Probably the Socialists will indulge in a Parliamentary growl when John takes home to the missus his first quarter's salary of £1,250, but he need not mind that. In fact, he can afford to smile. If he did once say that no man is worth more than £500 a year, he has himself disproved the statement.

Apparently Sir Edward Grey is troubled with the fear that his handsome present to Raisuli for stealing a Scotchman will be regarded by British residents and tourists in Morocco as a precedent. In any case, the British Consul at Tangier gives notice to all whom it may concern that if they get kidnapped by brigands they will have to raise the ransom on their own. Reuter says the decision "has been received with great indignation by the British colony." That's all right; but until it becomes an established principle of international law that the sinner who steals a Britisher in foreign parts shall be rewarded with a handsome present for the same, they will be well advised to save their indignation for a more suitable occasion. Let them organise an expedition to kidnap the brigands.

Misgivings are arising as to the future of the yearly shooting festival at Bisley. The National Rifle Association was formed nearly fifty years ago to encourage musketry among the Volunteers. But the time has come when, presumably, there are no Volunteers, and though the Council of the Association have by resolution decided to enlarge the word "Volunteer" until it includes the Territorials, the foundations of the constitution are being sapped. Hitherto the regular soldier has been barred from competing for the King's Prize, or for any of those big awards which are the features of Bisley as they were of old Wimbledon, but he has a right to say the Territorial is a part of the Regular Army, and if you admit him, how can you fairly bang the door in the face of the other ? And—still progressing—if the Regular is allowed to come in, will not it be the bounden duty of the War Office to take over complete control ? Obviously it would be a curious anomaly for a voluntary association to run a show with our Regular soldiers, and to make a profit out of them. Anyone who knows the ways of the War Office and the satisfactory manner in which the Bisley meeting is now conducted will devoutly hope there is to be no change. This coming July may see developments.

Sportsmen all over the country should hasten to support, by all means in their power, the newly-formed Wildfowlers' Association in its protest against the decision of Mr. Justice Parker in the Severn case. It has always been held that the King's subjects had a right to shoot wildfowl from the banks of a tidal, navigable river, or on the seashore between the average high-water mark and the low-water mark. There have always been places, also, considered as a sort of "no-man's land," where fishing and shooting could be indulged in, while thousands of poor gunners, in providing boats and shooting fowl, eke out a scanty livelihood during the season. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, a noted wildfowler, is chairman of the Association, and we trust that the matter will be taken to the Appeal Court.

The *Gaulois* tells us that the British Isles will sooner or later sink under the ocean unless we show greater zeal in the construction of protective works. No doubt the sea has done a great deal of land-grabbing in this country in the course of the generations, and in places it is still scooping out our coasts with its restless maw; so much so that a Commission has been appointed to inquire and report on the facts and make recommendations. But, after all, the erosion is not more than about two-thirds of a mile in a thousand years, so that before Britain disappears the period which must elapse would be greater than the longest civilisation known to history. The *entente cordiale* is therefore in no danger of falling for want of something solid to lean up against; provided always that the Kaiser's navy does not come over and steal us.

Having all but disappeared from the papers, the Limerick is now struggling on its last legs in the church

bazaar. Requiring cash in aid of the curate fund, the district expenses, and the enlargement of his sacred edifice, it occurred to the vicar of Cheadle to inaugurate a "grand Limerick competition" at the usual sixpence a time, half the amount of the scoop going for the purposes aforesaid and half for prizes "in our own village." Here is the Limerick in all its glory:

For a parson, a church, and a drain
We appeal for your help once again;
Were it not for the sewer,
Our wants would be fewer

. . . . . .

Major F. Carpenter, of the Connaught Rangers, "kindly consented to act as judge," but we have no news as to whom he awarded the grand prize. But "Don't let us go begging in vain" ought to come very near touching the money—that is, if the higher talent counts.

Talking of the cure of souls, we are reminded of the Rev. D. Macfarlane, pastor of the "Wee Frees" of Dingwall. It appears that the Dingwall Town Council has supplied water power, in the ordinary course of business, to blow the organ in one of the opposition edifices. This fact lashed the Macfarlane into white wrath. "He scathingly denounced the action of the Council," says a fervent reporter, "in granting the town's water supply for such base purposes, thus prostituting the mercies of God to barbarous idolatry, and bringing in a manner the sin of the evil to the door of every ratepayer in the burgh." To an ordinary person there will seem to be less wickedness on the part of the Council in supplying the water than in the Macfarlane supplying the mustard. Evidently music hath no charms to soothe that savage breast; and the bard who wrote Shakespeare tells us that he who hath no music in his soul and is not blessed by concourse of sweet sounds is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils. We have always understood that heaven was full of music, but the Macfarlane may know better. In any case, he seems a more-than-ordinary delightful sample of the narrow-minded bigot, and if he hasn't a bee in his bonnet we are surprised.

What a blessing it is that we have the London County Council to look after us. Restless in its manifold activities, it recently rose in its might against the housefly, as duly recorded in these veracious pages; now it has fallen in its weight on kissing games for children. "Attention has been drawn to the fact that in some of the schools kissing games are still practised by the children," runs the Fiat. "On medical grounds, this practice is considered undesirable. Headmasters and headmistresses of London County Council schools and managers of non-provided schools are therefore to arrange that such games are discontinued." Let it not be hastily thought that we have any quarrel with the L.C.C. in this decision. It has always appeared to us that of all the amusements known to mortal man, woman, child or curate, kissing is the most over-rated, whether in the conservatory or the playground, the benches in the park or the settee in the drawing-room. On the other hand, regarded as a means of physical culture among the young, who do not know any better, and among the older grown, who don't appear to want to, kissing is a physiological error, since nobody can kiss anybody without either stealing bacteria which do not rightly belong to him, or giving away bacteria which somebody else could well do without. Everybody to his own little lot is our notion; and the day may yet come when any person kissing at the garden gate, the front door, the railway station, or in any public place, will be fined forty shillings and costs or discharged with a caution. Why not a Street Kissing Bill?

Which reminds us that Mr. Lloyd George has come perilously near to infringing the Street Betting Act. The other day, at a Manchester meeting, he offered to make a bet on the subject of Old Age Pensions. But, luckily for him, it was not an open-air meeting. Otherwise, the humours of the election might have been intensified by the spectacle of a dutiful bobby running in the Chancellor of the Exchequer—with Mr. Joynson-Hicks scoring a big point by going bail.

We notice that, when Dr. Stanton Coit was acquitted on appeal, the magistrate said to him that his conduct "ought to be a warning to a man when any proceedings of this kind are begun that he should at once get the best advice." In other words, if he wishes to get off, he must employ an expensive lawyer. Is this not rather hard upon innocent prisoners who cannot afford the cost? Note also how the legal profession hangs together. We would ask, however, whether it is not the duty of a magistrte to protect innocent persons?

Inquests often reveal strangely hard and pathetic cases, which are usually taken for granted in this unsympathetic age. It appears that constables have orders to "move on" destitute men when they find them asleep on seats on the Embankment or other public places. If the unfortunate victims of our present social system are awake, they are grudgingly left alone, but if after long tramps in search of work, worn out with hunger and perished with cold, they seek in slumber a moment's forgetfulness of their hard lot, they are harassed and persecuted by the representatives of civilisation. In our innocence we imagined with the poets that sleep was a precious balm, a gift of the gods, almost a ministering angel for the weary and the oppressed. Now, however, we rub our eyes and discover that sleep, like poverty, is a crime. Death has been called the twin sister of sleep, and we almost begin to wonder whether death also may not soon be accounted a crime by turtle-swilling magistrates. The dead, however, are more difficult to move on, and the community has recognised perforce that some resting place must be found for them, though it may be cynically and brutally refused to the dying.

Come now, let us reason together. It is a wicked offence to sleep on a public bench, but a gracious Government permits the submerged outcast to sit there and groan in his despair. Why? We could understand the argument that the presence of a miserable man flaunting his rags and his hunger and his sores in a public place might be regarded as a reproach and therefore an offence to smug, well-fed citizens. Again, the poor wretch has been debarred from devoting a minute attention to his toilet, and it is not meet that his uncleanness should come betwixt the wind and the nobility. But that is no reason for breaking his sleep. Questioned on this point, a policeman said that it was necessary to rouse sleepers to make sure that they were not drunk or ill. We believe that it was one of the most successful tortures of the middle ages to keep men in prison and prevent them persistently from sleeping until at last death came to their release. But the benevolent administrator of modern laws cheerfully inflicts the same torture. How glorious are the benefits of modern progress and civilisation!

One of the absurdest diplomatic acts we have heard of for a long time has been the coercion of Turkey by Italy. After failing in practically every military and naval enterprise which she has embarked upon since she became a separate kingdom, she now seeks to make up for Lissa, Adowa, and her various other disasters by presuming upon the notorious weakness of the Turkish navy and threatening to occupy a Turkish island unless she were permitted to open Italian post offices on Turkish territory. She had no right to insist upon any such demand, foreign post offices being merely a favour conceded by the Porte, and it is not good manners to enforce graceful concessions by means of violent threats. The fact, of course, is that, since the King of Italy married a Princess of Montenegro, he has been engaged upon ardent propaganda for obtaining a

foothold in Albania and the Western parts of Macedonia. This may bear fruit if the Concert of the Powers at any time agrees upon a partition of Macedonia, but we imagine that an Italian army would come off distinctly second best in a single-handed conflict with Ottoman troops. Italian designs upon Tripoli, however, may be more easy to carry out unless the Sultan makes up his mind to put his fleet in order.

It would seem that there is never to be an end to frontier troubles in India. Scarcely had Mr. Morley—we beg pardon, Lord Morley—finished crowing over the defeat of the Afridis, than the news came that ten thousand Mohmands had taken up arms. In spite of the firmness of the present Indian Government, which so many Jingoes never tire of applauding, there is evidently a considerable feeling of unrest in and about India, and we should not be surprised if serious events occurred at any moment. But the Imperialists are so busy flattering our Colonies that they seem unable to spare a thought for the real Empire, which their ancestors regarded as the brightest jewel of the Crown.

His Honour Judge Gye has been at it again. We are informed that, in face of an absolute order having been given for some goods, he found against a firm which sought to recover payment. Indeed, to the evident astonishment of those present, he actually stopped the case. It will be remembered that this is the judge who recently asked a defendant on a judgment summons how he had voted at the last election, adding that if he happened to be a Liberal, his position served him right. It is certainly high time that we agitated against the foolish and incompetent persons who now dispense a travesty of justice in England. We want a strong Lord Chancellor who will appoint magistrates and judges without respect of persons, and some kind of Commission to supervise the conduct of our judges with a view to the removal of such as behave scandalously.

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Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of March 14th and 21st:—

ERNEST E. R. WARD, 13, Longroyd Avenue, Dewsbury Road, Leeds. (No. 39375—March 14th.)
D. COADY, 5, York Avenue, Hanwell. (No. 29015—March 14th.)
G. MAY, 2, Prospect Place, East Finchley, N. (No. 109329—March 14th.)
FOSTER L. HINE, 45, Gladstone Road, Edge Hill, Liverpool. (No. 9369—March 14th.)
R. LANGBERG, 20, Picton Street, Deptford, Sunderland. (No. 77636—March 14th.)
ERNEST WILLIAMSON, 12, Musgrave Terrace, Pelaw, Newcastle-on-Tyne. (No. 4285—March 14th.)
A. BARLING, Post Office, Broad Oak, Heathfield, Sussex. (No. 11128—March 14th.)
BERTHOLD SELINGER, 350, Mare Street, Hackney, N.E. (No. 21769—March 14th.)
ALFRED ALLEN, 2, Holliday Road, Erdington, Birmingham. (No. 31808—March 14th.)
W. SHARP, 11, Clarence Street, Taunton. (No. 6192—March 14th.)
L. W. BROWN, 42, Gordon Avenue, St. Margaret's, Twickenham. (No. 111508—March 14th.)
FRANK JOHNSON, Burn Cross, Chapeltown, near Sheffield. (No. 97517—March 21st.)
J. TURNER, 172, Quay Road, Bridlington. (No. 106306—March 14th.)
F. RICHARDS, 40, High Street, Newmarket. (No. 2355—March 21st.)
CHARLES GREEN, 21, Bright Eyes Row, Lofthouse, Wakefield. (No. 99496—March 21st.)
CYRIL J. COOKE, 32, Gipsy Road, West Norwood, S.E. (No. 2247—March 21st.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of MARCH 28th:—

6826; 8473; 9517; 10990; 12044; 12617; 12920; 13478; 14403; 16783; 17251; 17529; 19367; 24093; 24463; 26332; 33689; 35432; 35750; 36129; 36161; 36746; 44078; 45691; 52881; 54457; 58675; 59556; 61271; 62267; 72909; 79129; 79713; 79953; 80960; 90743; 96854; 100631; 104488; 105283; 108692; 110998; 113304; 114448; 117430; 119799; 122071; 123818; 126428; 128712.

INITIAL MOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JUNE 6TH (PUBLISHED JUNE 4TH).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that the Central London and City and South London Railway's Easter traffic "show decreases in the number of passengers" of 18,000 and 20,000 respectively, and in the same column proceeding to give the same figures as "increases,"

THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that at a circus performance "every vacant seat was occupied,"

THE *MID-GLAMORGAN HERALD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a man "struggled into a chemist's shop in an unconscious condition,"

THE *BRISTOL ECHO*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving 1831 as "sixty-seven years ago,"

THE *MANCHESTER DAILY DESPATCH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For speaking of "the soft stillness of the spring afternoon" and then referring to "the deep shade of the leafy road" and "strawberries which are a glut at present,"

MISS EVELYN ORCHARD (in *THE BRITISH WEEKLY*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that Ken's Kabin must depend for its success on "the efficiency of its boiling apparatus, and on the general comfort to be obtained in it,"

THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that a vegetarian lady wishes to meet another vegetarian lady to "share FAT,"

THE *CLARION*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that any extension of the fourteen years' time limit would be "an unjustifiable waste of the taxpayers' money,"

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that Sharp, the Woolwich Arsenal back, would play for both Scotland v. England and for Woolwich v. Bolton Wanderers at the same time,

THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to a gelding as "she,"

LONDON OPINION
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising a performance of Spohr's "Cavalry" at Bath Abbey,

THE AVON VALE MUSICAL SOCIETY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that some company directors "were glad to be able to state that the profits of the year showed a slight DECREASE."

THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For asserting that Peckham "looks the whole world in the face through the glass bottom of a pewter pot,"

Mr. S. L. HUGHES, of the *MORNING LEADER*,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Florence Nightingale's nearest relative is her first cousin once removed. A nearer relative to the venerable lady is her sister's son,"

THE *FREE LANCE*,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the winning throw with the cricket ball at the Woolwich Military Academy Sports was 89 ft. 6 ins.,

THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE ON THE HOP.

WE VENTURE TO CORRECT THE CHANCELLOR'S FIGURES.

Nothing has been more surprising in recent political history than the chorus of approval evoked by the appointment of Mr. Lloyd George to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. His success with the Railway Directors and Men, the Shipowners and the Cotton Spinners, his Patents Act of last year, and his Port of London Bill of this, have won him the confidence of the business community, and never a Minister went to the Exchequer with more general good wishes. We all hope much from his handling of the National finances, but unless he is to lose the public confidence as quickly as he won it, he will do well to remember that slap-dash statements, good enough for the Opposition orator bent on discrediting the other side, are out of place when used by a Chancellor of the Exchequer dealing with such prosaic but vital questions as the trade of the country. Just before Parliament rose for the Easter holidays Mr. Lloyd George made his first appearance in his new official rôle.

HOPS.

The House was discussing hops, and the Chancellor rose to reply to Sir Gilbert Parker, who had been making some wild statements, *more suo*, about the imports of hops. Mr. Lloyd George could not, of course, deny that the member for Gravesend was right when he described the position of the hop industry as deplorable, but not even Sir Gilbert Parker himself could have fathered a more curious statement in explanation. According to Mr. Lloyd George, "there are two things which have really affected the hop trade." And what are they? The first, it seems, is "machinery." Says the Chancellor, "We are producing the same quantity of hops out of a smaller acreage." A truly wonderful discovery. The acreage under hops shrinks year by year, but machinery enables us to produce the same quantity of hops! What is this machinery? Where are we to find it? It would tax Mr. Lloyd George's imagination to describe it, for it is non-existent. And where has he gone for his figures to show that machinery has produced a better yield of hops? The statistics supplied by his own department give no countenance to the assertion. They show, what we thought everybody knew, that the yield of hops varies greatly, being dependent in an exceptional degree upon the weather. If Mr. Lloyd George will take the last three years, he will find that the average yield per acre in cwts. was:—

1905	1906	1907
14.21	5.26	8.33

The yield has varied with the weather, but was unaffected by "machinery." The second thing which has affected the hop trade, according to Mr. Lloyd George, is "the use of hop substitutes." The Chancellor informed the House that brewers no longer use hops. They resort to "adulterated, deleterious, poisonous foreign stuff." Let the brewers cease to use it, and return to hops, and "the situation would be saved." It seems that Mr. Lloyd George is ignorant of the findings of the Departmental Committee on the Purity of the Manufacture of Beer, and the evidence before the Royal Commission on Licensing. Perhaps it would be too much to ask him to study this evidence, but at least he—the stalwart champion of the Licensing Bill—should have some knowledge of the last annual Brewing Return. Now what does that show? It shows that nearly 64 million pounds of hops were consumed in brewing against just over 295,000 lbs. of other substitutes. Assume that each pound of substitute displaces 10 lbs. of hops, and that 1 lb. of hops be worth 1s., which is much above present value, and the quantity of substitutes used displaces less than £15,000 worth of hops! So much for machinery and substitutes explaining the present condition of the hop industry.

Mr. Lloyd George's speech was made on April 21st.

COTTON.

Just a week later he was at North-West Manchester helping Mr. Churchill, and all accounts agree that his main speech in support of his colleague's candidature was a very brilliant one. But where it dealt with facts it was—well, it was worthy of the hop exegesis. Having incidentally mentioned that "even in Van Diemen's Land" they have settled the education question in a spirit of compromise we might well follow—from which it would seem that Mr. Lloyd George has forgotten that since 1853 there has been no country known as Van Diemen's Land—he set himself to show how the cotton industry in Lancashire has thriven upon Free Trade, and contrasted Lancashire's success with America's failure. This is what he said:—

> "Now, let me give you one or two figures. Last year from Lancashire alone, a county which is not the size of a single State in America, you sold to the world, not merely to the colonies, but to all the countries of the world, £110,000,000 worth of cotton fabrics, representing an increase on the previous year of 11 per cent. (Cheers.) Take next the United States of America. The cotton grown there is excellent cotton in quality, it is grown on the spot, and there is a huge protectionist tariff. What did they sell there last year? They sold £5,700,000 worth. Lancashire, free trade, sells £110,000,000; United States of America, protectionist, sells £5,700,000."

And Mr. Lloyd George went on to observe that:—

> "The increase in your sales during the last four years is greater than the whole of the sales of the United States, and Germany, and France put together."

We should be among the last to deny that Lancashire owes much to Free Trade, but it is not wise to overstate your case. Mr. Lloyd George's description of the American position is very misleading. He ignores the home market. There has just been published a little book entitled "India and the Empire." It is written by Mr. De P. Webb, the Chairman of the Karachi Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Webb is a well-known authority on economic questions. He is a strong supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's policy of Preferential Tariffs, and we disagree with much that he says on the fiscal question, but there are certain tables in the book to which we respectfully invite Mr. Lloyd George's attention. They are official figures, and show the average annual consumption of raw cotton by Great Britain since 1876, and her most formidable rivals on the Continent of Europe and America. We give the figures for the first and last years covered by the tables, the figures being in millions of cwts.:—

Period.	U.K.	U.S.	Cont. of Europe.
1876-80	11.20	6.13	9.17
1906-07	17.37	22.10	24.37

These figures show that Europe's annual consumption has increased by over 15 million cwts., and that of the United States by nearly 16 million cwts., whilst that of the United Kingdom has only increased a little over 6 million cwts. Forty years ago England took the bulk of American cotton. To-day the Continent, thanks to the growth and the marvellous success of the Continental spinners, takes more than one-third of the entire American crop. Assume the crop of the present year to be 12 million bales, and Mr. Tattersall, a high authority, puts the Continental demand at 4,200,000 bales, and that of the United Kingdom at 3,250,000 bales. A few years ago the American consumption of cotton was almost *nil*. America now consumes more than one-third of her produce. In face of these figures, which are incontrovertible, Mr. Lloyd George's statement that the "increase in your sales during the last four years is greater than the sales of the United States, Germany, and France put together" is sad nonsense.

If Mr. Lloyd George is to be a great Chancellor of the Exchequer—and no one hopes it more sincerely than we do—he must not disdain the drudgery of examination; and if he would not give the enemy occasion to blaspheme, he will find it useful to let the permanent officials of his department prepare his figures. They will save him much damaging criticism. As Disraeli says in "Sybil": "To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge."

THE "OPEN DOOR" TO THE CIVIL SERVICE.—I.

THE FOUR GRADES.

The Upper and Lower Divisions of the Civil Service as at present constituted were established by the Ridley Commission, which terminated its sittings in 1891. That Commission reported, *inter alia*, that "it is desirable to secure young men of more liberal education for those posts in the Service, which are not simply clerical, but demand a wider and more cultivated view of public affairs than can as a rule be expected of youths entering by the lower examination."

Since that time each of the two classes has been subdivided into two, so that there are now no less than four doors to clerkships in the Civil Service, exclusive of those posts which are still reserved to nomination by influential friends. Each of these doors is to be entered by open competitive examination, the nature and severity of which varies according to the class of man required, and in each case the scale of salary is different.

The examination for Class I. Clerkships of the Higher Division is designed expressly to attract candidates from the Universities, and is of such a character as to deny success to practically all but such candidates. It is certainly an open competition, but the most significant fact about the pass lists is that 99 per cent. of the successful men are from Oxford or Cambridge.

The salary of a Class I. clerk commences generally at £200 and rises by annual increments of £20 to £500, but, as will be shown in a later article, these figures give but a poor idea of the magnificent salaries paid out of the public purse to these fortunate gentlemen after a short stay in the service.

Class II. of the Higher Division is the latest production of the genius who presides over these matters at Whitehall.

Some time since the headmasters of our great public schools complained that those of their charges who were debarred by pecuniary or intellectual shortcomings from prefacing an entry to Class I. by a period of residence at one of the older Universities had no prospect of serving their country as superior clerks; nor could they hope to compete with what was termed the "middle-class" youth in the fight for a Second Division clerkship, even if the salary of such a post were sufficient reward for their valuable services. The Class II. scheme was accordingly evolved by the before-mentioned genius, and as a penalty, no doubt, for the lack of university culture, the salary was fixed to commence at £100 per annum, and to proceed by increments of £10 and £15 to £500. It is evidently considered that £500 p.a. is the least ultimate salary which can be offered to the youth of this class, and it would be interesting to know whether the gentleman who drew up these scales is the same who introduced the Abstractor to the Service, of whose "salary" more anon. The entrance examination to Class II. is expressly designed to meet the qualifications of the Public Schoolboy, but as the scheme is only just getting into operation, it is impossible yet to say definitely whether the Commissioners are catching the fish for which they are angling.

The next class is the Second Division clerk, whose salary commences at £70 p.a. and rises by £7 10s. and £10 to £300. It is difficult for the ordinary observer to detect any great difference between the papers set at this examination and those set to the budding clerk of the Higher Division Class II., unless it is that the first are stiffer, and there is no doubt whatever that the competition is keener. The principal difference, apparently, is that while the Second Division aspirant is examined in many subjects which will likely prove of practical use to him in the performance of his duties, the would-be Class II. man is only required to air his knowledge in the Classics and Mathematics, for which he has possible thousands of marks as against the Second Division's mere hundreds. Seeing, however, the great difference in salary and prospects, there must be some subtle distinction, of which the ordinary observer loses sight, for it cannot be that the taxpayer is asked to pay £30 to £200 p.a. more merely for Public School tone.

The fourth and last class is that mysterious and, to the general public, little known person called the Abstractor. The most abstract thing about him appears to be his salary, which commences, when about 20 years of age, at £55 p.a., and rises by annual increments of £5 to £150! Incredible as it may seem, he also has to pass a competitive examination in a large number of various and useful subjects, such as shorthand, bookkeeping, arithmetic, English composition, précis writing, French, reading bad manuscript (this last no doubt with a view to deciphering the disguised copper-plate of his "colleagues," the clerks of the Upper Division Class I.).

In addition to all this the would-be Abstractor must have given to the State at least two of the best years of his life as a Boy Clerk at 15s. or so a week.

We have then four different grades of men entering the Civil Service at the same time at different scales of salary, modified, not according to the value to the State of the services of the recipient, but to the social class of the man, that is to say, to the examination he is qualified to pass by reason of the length of his parent's pocket.

It would seem to the ordinary business man that the Abstractor, who has already learned the routine of the office during his service as Boy Clerk, is the most valuable, but the Treasury do not think so, and prefer to pay £200 and upwards a year for the "wide and cultivated view of public affairs" which can only be obtained at Oxford or Cambridge, and which they consider necessary to the composition of badly written draft letters to the general public.

In the January, 1908, examination for Abstractorships, the successful men obtained from 67 to 80 per cent. of the total marks, while the marks of the pass men at a recent Higher Division Class I. examination varied from 50 to 70 per cent.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—XX.

THE PRESTON MURDER.

Some of our readers will remember that a couple of years ago there was a murder committed in Preston which caused a great sensation. A well-known townsman, Mr. Fell, a drysalter, was found dead in his warehouse. Several arrests were made, among others that of Patrick Callaghan and Thomas Beardwood. These men were tried before Mr. Justice Sutton at the Manchester Assizes in the autumn of 1906, and almost the only evidence against them was the confession of a woman who had lived and quarrelled with Callaghan. This woman swore that Callaghan had confessed to her that he and Beardwood had killed Mr. Fell. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty against Callaghan, but could not agree as to Beardwood, who was put upon his trial a second time and then acquitted. Meantime, there was a strong feeling in Preston that there had been a miscarriage of justice with respect to Callaghan, and, as a result of a petition, the Home Secretary reprieved him, and he is now working out a sentence of penal servitude for life. Some time after the reprieve of Callaghan, and the acquittal of Beardwood, the woman upon whose evidence Callaghan had been convicted, came forward and confessed that Callaghan had made no confession to her, alleging that her statement as to his having done so was due to the instigation of the police. There the matter stands. At the time of his arrest for the murder of Mr. Fell, Beardwood kept an eating house and beer-shop, and he was doing remarkably well. The charge of murder ruined him, and when he came out of the dock a free man it was to find himself without occupation and without means. Feeling in the town ran high, and Beardwood decided to emigrate to Canada.

In Canada, Beardwood did well and made money, remitting regularly to his wife, from whom he constantly heard. But, as he tells us, the belief that Callaghan was suffering sentence for a crime of which he was innocent, and the desire to clear his own name, moved him to come back to this country. On arriving home, he found his wife, who, as he says, had been an excellent wife to him, and whose fidelity he had had no occasion to question, had forgotten her duty to him, and had gone to live with another man. This knocked the heart out of Beardwood, and he thought he had better leave Preston lest trouble might come from his wife's misconduct. Accordingly, he has tramped to London, trying to pick up work without success. When he came to us he had, according to his own account (and we have no reason to doubt it), been without food for two days. He managed to scrape up money enough to pay the Salvation Army 5d. for a night's shelter, but they would give him nothing to eat, and he had no money to buy anything. He proposes to go back to Canada on May 23rd, when he is promised a passage by the Allan Line as a cattleman. Meantime, he is without means of any sort. Perhaps some of our readers may feel inclined to help him to tide over the next three weeks.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

An Original Club Dinner.

American women are certainly full of bright ideas. A letter from the States has just reached me, practically full of an account of a "Calendar Luncheon" given by a large women's club in Chicago. It certainly seems to have been delightfully planned. To start with there were twelve tables, each decorated to characterise a month, and every guest had to sit at that table in which came her birthday. The table for the January "babes" was covered with cotton-wool to represent snow; frost and icicles were also represented. The menus were in the form of calendars, while tiny booklets designed to contain New Year resolutions were given as favours. The women whom Fate placed at the February table had waxed sentimental. They wore red paper hearts attached to their gowns, while the menus represented old-fashioned valentines. The centre of the March table held a doll attired as St. Patrick, while the guests donned becoming caps of green paper. The menus were shaped like shamrocks, while the favours were silken snakes! The April table was commonplace. It gave violets as favours, while the cards depicted a small girl struggling with an umbrella. In the centre of the May table was set up a bright-coloured Maypole, from the summit of which gay ribbon streamers reached to each place. June claims for its own both brides and sweet girl graduates. The guests were all clad in white, the favours were roses, while the menus were imitation diplomas. July was patriotic (American). Everything here was red, white and blue, with star-spangled banners forming the menus. August was typified by clusters of crimson silk poppies and brightly-hued fans. September, being the first month of the school year, gave as favours small satchels filled with sweets, while the items of the feast were written in a very round and infantile hand upon real slates of small dimensions. October went in for autumn leaves and tiny sheaves of corn. The menus of the November guests represented plump turkeys (this was a little premature according to English ideas). Their favours were very appropriately tawny and pink chrysanthemums. December, of course, was very easily arranged—holly, mistletoe, Chrismas pudding—everything seasonable was employed, the favours taking the form of crackers.

There was an average of thirty women at each table. American men are far too busy as a rule to attend day-time amusements, with the result that these festivities of women alone have reached a pitch of perfection in America not equalled in any other country. At this luncheon the merriment seems not to have waned for a moment. Each table had a "leader," and the affair concluded by each leader making a typically bright little American speech, referring especially to the events that distinguished her own particular month. At some tables all the guests helped in the general amusement. Thus the Maypole ladies arose from their seats and danced round the table, duly holding a strand of ribbon; the July dames sang in chorus "The Star Spangled Banner" and waved flags; while all the ladies of sentiment at the February table recited a verse off a valentine.

Restaurants and Lunch Picnics.

We have been told that America set the fashion in restaurant life. That is possible, since she has been pioneer in so many things. At all events, it is undoubtedly becoming more and more popular for women to lunch and dine out, from the smartest of Society leaders, who go to the smartest of hotels, down to the business girl or her journalistic sister, who can get a splendid meal for one shilling and sixpence at one of the many little French and Italian restaurants dotted about Soho. And why not? The dearth of servants and the disagreeables one is subjected to if one does get someone who will condescend to do the work, are doing much to destroy home life. Besides, many of us, like the people in the song, "ain't got any 'omes." And dining out, especially for the unattached ones, is often cheaper and pleasanter. There is a gaiety about restaurant life which may aptly be styled stimulating, and if one always attends the same place, one gets to know the different habitués, and it is often good to see a familiar face. Then, too, it affords scope for the interesting study of one's fellow creatures. One also gets the chance of being in the presence of the distinguished ones of this world. I was lunching the other day in the same room with a well-known actor, a journalist and a Suffragist. Think of it! By the way, there is a new fashion even for restaurants. The latest thing is a picnic luncheon. We like to chat to our friends and have them at our table, but our purse is not always commensurate with our would-be hospitality; so now one issues invitations to a picnic luncheon, which means that your friends come and sit at your table, but each pays for her own lunch. It is not a bad plan.

Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!

It seems we are threatened, though but vaguely at present, with a fresh horror for the coming season—the smoking dancing man! He does not propose, we trow, to puff smoke in our eyes while actually guiding us through the gyrations of the waltz, but exhausted nature is to be recruited by the aid of the weed as often as necessary in the course of the evening. Surely even the average meek female will resent having her dainty ball-dress made to reek of tobacco fumes? Yet, who knows? Has not the aforesaid meek female taken the suggestion that smoking be introduced into theatres with all the patience characteristic of that aggravating person Griselda? Men can scarcely be blamed, perchance, if they fail to realize how objectionable the smoking habit is in the eyes of many women. There exists an amiable conspiracy amid the members of the gentler sex to disguise this dislike. "Do you object to smoke?" enquires a lord of creation. "Oh, not at all," is the ready response of the smiling liar. May the recording angel write down such tarradiddles in vanishing ink! It is a comparatively fresh idea that tobacco may be used at all in the presence of the "Queens of the Earth," from Royal queens downwards. Sir Theodore Martin records the amusing straits to which gentlemen were put concerning this matter when on board the late Queen Victoria's yacht. She much disliked smoking, and would not countenance it at all; however, a cow was always carried to provide fresh milk for the Royal table, and into the cow-house used to creep the devotees of Lady Nicotine. Then, again, until quite recent times, it was considered only decent politeness for a man to throw away his cigar—even if newly lighted—on stopping to speak to a lady friend out of doors. Oh, what a falling-off is here. Well, the only thing women can do, is to take to smoking in public places likewise. It won't be good for our health, our nerves, or our pockets, but all those remarks apply to men, however decidedly they may retort "rubbish."

Another Lost Illusion.

It is far from unpleasant when a wily palmist, gazing intently at our hands, tells us in solemn tones all sorts of delightful things about ourselves, and holds out rainbow-hued visions of the future for our benefit. Even though we may not actually credit everything implicitly, we most of us cherish a half-acknowledged belief that there *may* be some degree of truth in such predictions. But now comes along Professor Stirling and shatters the very foundation upon which hope built this flattering tale. The mystic lines upon our palms are not mystic at all—they are merely the inevitable results of the action of our thumb and fingers. And, verily, if we half close the hand and observe the instant deepening of the lines brought about by this muscular movement, we shall have to acknowledge that Professor Stirling's assertion is not to be gainsaid. That top line near the base of the fingers, the most interesting of all lines—that which palmists declare betrays the secrets of the heart—is particularly easily affected by the slightest inward movement of the fingers. Even holding a knife at dinner, let alone the firm grasp required by a hair-brush or a tennis racquet, must help materially to increase the "power and ardour of the emotional nature" as portrayed by this "line of heart." Oh, dear me! I'm afraid we must acknowledge that the Professor is in the right when he declares that palmistry is "absolute absurdity beneath contempt."

The New Season's Petticoats.

To put the matter briefly, they are more beautiful than ever. The daintiest of colours, the richest and the flimsiest of materials, the uttermost ingenuity of design, are all being brought to bear upon the making of these important garments. The news comes from Paris that this year petticoats are altogether out of favour there with Dame Fashion. The costume skirts are all being made so very clinging—the ideal of every smart dame being to show the outline of her figure as much as possible—that the underskirt has been discarded altogether in favour of well-fitting knickers of spun silk. Even in London, more than one of the newest designs in petticoats has an unusually close-fitting top as far as the knees. There is one particularly popular model which consists of a sheath-like top of about eighteen inches in depth, made without any fold or gather, moulded to the form exactly. From below this tight-fitting top, the petticoat billows in masses of silk accordion-pleating. Miss Gertie Millar was recently seen to purchase no fewer than three of this dainty design—one white, another pink, and the last one pale blue. Stripes are up-to-date for underskirts, just as for dresses, and knots of ribbon with falling ends are more than ever patronized.

Suffragists.

Why are Suffragists always supposed to be plain and unprepossessing? I was sitting opposite to a sweet little lady the other day, dressed in a blue muslin frock and a forget-me-not hat. I suddenly noticed that she was wearing a white button, like the kind we used to don during the South African War, only those bore a soldier's portrait or "England expects every man to do his duty." Hers was engraved "Votes for Women." Another beautiful woman whom I happen to know never goes out without her badge, which she regards in the light of a precious brooch. I do not know whether they belong to the militant section or not, whether they merely want votes, or want to sit in Parliament themselves. In either case they are a charming addition to their party. I believe in evolution. I am convinced that the prehistoric woman had a vote. In looking at some pictures still extant of her, I was struck by her triumphant and all-powerful expression. Hence my assertion. So the Suffragist's turn will come round again, if she "do but watch the hour."

THE PARSON AND THE "PUB."

LIST OF CLERICAL SHAREHOLDERS.—VIII.

Below we give our final instalment of clerical shareholders in brewery and allied undertakings. The publication of the list commenced in our issue of March 14th.

GORDON HOTELS, LTD.	*Ord.*
Adamson, Rev. J. B., Birleydam Vic., Whitchurch, Salop	10
Alexander, Rev. A. B., Shedfield Vic., Botley, Hants	31
Barclay, Rev. C. W., Vicarage, Hertford Heath, Hertford	15
Bates, Rev. E., Wilmslow Rectory, Cheshire	10
Bockett, Rev. E. A. B., Burghfield, Dover St., Ryde, I. of W.	15
Borissow, Rev. L., The Rectory, Gilling, East York	25
Casey, Rev. R. J., Lesmore, Co. Waterford	3
Christian, Rev. F. W., S. Wingfield, nr. Afreton, Derbyshire	18
Cobbold, Rev. R. R., Earls Barton, Northampton	10
Cockburn-Dickinson, Rev. G., Worcester Park, Surrey	22
Collins, Rev. J. M., Kingston Rectory, Cambridge	17
Colvill, Rev. E. A. L., Caterham, Surrey	14
Crawford, Rev. C. W. P., East Court, E. Grinstead, Sussex	8
Crick, Rev. F. W., The Rectory, Little Clieney, Dorchester	10
Crosby, Rev. E. H. L., 36, Rusland Square, Dublin	3
Davies, Rev. R. P., The Rectory, Charfield, Glos.	27
Dopping, Rev. F. H., 13, Vesey Place, Kingstown	5
Dorling, Rev. E. E., Burcombe Vicarage, Salisbury	10
Douglas, Rev. J. W., Buraledon House, Dawlish	22
Fairnthorpe, Rev. J. P., Elmfield, Bromley Common, Kent	6
Fison, Rev. C. F., Vicarage, South Nutfield, Redhill	10
Flynn, Rev. J. M., 78A, Guild St., Burton-on-Trent	11
Gould, Rev. J., Repton, nr. Burton-on-Trent	34
Griffith, Rev. H. G., All Saints', Glasbury, Radnorshire	10
Hamilton, Hon. & Rev. A. C. B., Burley Lodge, Ringwood	28
Hamilton, Rev. H. M., Templepatrick, Co, Antrim	5
Haworth, Rev. J. S., Eirianfa, Llangollen, N. Wales	40
Hickling, Rev. E. L., The Grove, Wangford, Suffolk	31
Holbeck, Rev. H., Farnborough Vicarage, Banbury	9
Hughes, Rev. W. O. F., Farcet Vicarage, nr. Peterborough	4
King, Rev. H. S., Tatsworth Vicarage, Chard	5
Knatchbull, Rev. H. D., Old Vicarage, Langley, Bucks.	15
Kynaston, Rev. W. C. E., Hardwick Hall, Ellesmere, Salop	43
Leigh, Rev. J. de V., Holy Trinity Vicarage, Aldershot	12
Leir, Rev. C. E., Ditcheat Rectory, Evercreech, Bath	10
Lewis, Rev. G. A., St. Paul's Vic., Thornton Heath, Surrey	10
Lindsay, Rev. J., 3, Chandos Villas, Westbrook, Margate	10
Marskam, Rev. T. J. G., East Dereham, Norfolk	28
May, Rev. C. E. G., Kittesford Rec., Wellington, Somerset	10
Mayne, Rev. W. J., Three Miles Road, Clifton, Bristol	6
Meade-King, Rev. F., Stoke Courcy Vic., nr. Bridgwater	7
Meade, Rev. C. J., Vic., Boughton Monchelsea, Maidstone	49
Mee, Rev. J. R., Barningham Winter Rectory, Norfolk	12
Moffatt, Rev. J. A. S. P., Elsted Rectory, Petersfield	12
Moray & Ross, Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of, Inverness, N.B.	20
Nares, Rev. O. A., Llandysilio, Oswestry	5
Norton, Rev. D. E., Pitcombe Vic., Bruton, Somerset	7
Ogden, Rev. R. T., Summerfield Hurst, Bournemouth	40
Peach, Rev. J. L., Appleton-le-Street, Malton, Yorks	40
Peacock, Rev. B. W., Merrow, Guildford	10
Pemberton, Rev. A. H., Westslow Rec., Bury St. Edmunds	11
Pemberton, Rev. F. R., Markgate Vicarage, Dunstable	10
Pirie, Rev. W. R., The Manse, Nairn, N.B.	5
Pope, Rev. A., Upton Bishop Vic., Ross, Herefordshire	25
Pratt, Rev. H. M., Gt. Ressington Rec., Bourton-on-Water	10
Reade, Rev. C. J., Limes, Kenilworth Rd., Leamington	5
Roe, Rev. S. H. F., Rectory, St. Michael, Cornwall	6
Searle, Rev. F., Radleigh Hall, Suffolk	5
Shaw, Rev. A. E., Grammar School, Thame, Oxon	20
Smethwick, Rev. R. F. G., Seaforth Vic., Seaforth, L'v'pool	3
Smith, Rev. W. M., 21, Florence Road, Brighton	17
Sunderland, Rev. J., Vicarage, Egginton, Leighton Buzzard	45
Sutener, Rev. William, Beech Holm, Curzon Pk., Chester	1
Sutton, Rev. A. F., Brant Broughton, Newark	20
Theobald, Rev. F., Wigborough Rec., nr. Colchester, Essex	10
Thornton, Rev. A. V., Roche Rectory, Cornwall	5
Toms, Rev. F. W., Brooklands, Combe Martin, Devon	45
Torr, Rev. W. E., Carlett Park, Eastham, Cheshire	75
Tristram, Very Rev. Canon H. B., The College, Durham	2
Tuck, Rev. A. J., Gt. Munden Rectory, Ware	57
Walker, Rev. J., Averham Rectory, Newark-on-Trent	25
Watson, Rev. H. C., Gainford Vicarage, Darlington	5
Wayne, Rev. W. H., Willey Rec., nr. Broseley, Salop	20
Wray, Rev. G. D., Halton Vicarage, Runcorn	8
Williams, Rev. J. B. M., Brooks Berriew, Montgomery	30
Worthington, Rev. H. E., Netherside Rec., Ashby-de-la-Z.	15
Wright, Rev. W. H. T., Eastleach Rec., Lechlade, Glos.	10

KINGSLEY & THACKERAY HOTELS, LTD.

We regret that, through a mistake on the part of the searchers, we included in our last week's list of clerical shareholders in brewery and allied companies, the names of the reverend gentlemen interested in these hotels—which are, of course, temperance institutions.

EPOCH-MAKING DISCOVERY.

His Holiness the Pope's Physician Congratulates Discoverer.

CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS.

Why the Body outlives the Brain.

Severely critical scientific tests by his Holiness the Pope's physician have firmly established the sound physiological theory underlying the discovery by the well-known German scientist, Dr. Karl Hartmann, of a successful antidote for nervousness or neurasthenia (brain weakness, decay, or disease.)

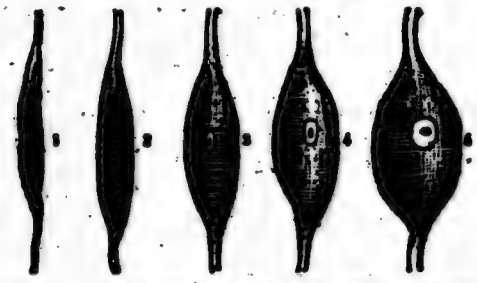
The ever-increasing number of suicides in which "Death from unknown causes" is the common but enigmatical verdict is proof of the diabolically stealthy progress of this disease.

A letter of warm congratulation to hand from the Pope's physician is as follows:— "ROME.

"I made a trial in my private practice of 'Anti-neurasthin,' and shall prescribe it henceforward, as it is an admirable agent for toning and strengthening the nervous system.

"I take the liberty of congratulating you on your discovery.

"(Signed) Dr. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI,
"Physician-in-Ordinary to his Holiness
Pope Pius X."



THE "LEAVES" (NERVE-CELLS) OF THE "TREE OF LIFE" IN THE BODY.

The secret of brain and nerve strength—the brain or nerve is no stronger than its component cells.

The above drawing affords a microscopically magnified illustration of the brain and nerve centres that act as storage batteries in the body for the rarefied essence of life and health which we designate as "Vitality."

1. Chronic mental or bodily disease.
2. Occasional ill-health.
3. Average mental and physical health.
4. Good mental and physical health and vigor.
5. Perfect health and vigor.

THE TREE OF LIFE IN THE BODY.

The nerve system of man is the tree of life within the body, and the brain—the intellectual part of it—the blossom. The latter is the latest development of human progress, and the child of to-day has a much finer quality mind than that possessed by its great-grandfather.

The physical wear and tear has decreased, and will continue to decrease, while the brain work and the strain on the nerve system will go on increasing. To-day it is the mind that first gives way, the body remains alive. There will in the future be more hospitals (asylums) for the mentally sick than for the bodily sick.

To-day there are a multitude of persons alive whose minds are practically worn-out—they are suffering from "nervous asthenia" or neurasthenia.

The alarming increase in the number of inmates of our lunatic asylums is unhappily only the overflow sign of the times with us.

It is well known that certain drugs have the power of temporarily increasing the capacity or ability of certain organs, but only at the expense of the organs themselves, their nervous force, their structure and future capacity.

"Antineurasthin" increases the functional power of the brain and nerves in the same way that the ordinary meal sustains the physical strength.

This is because it "directly" repairs, rebuilds, and thus strengthens the brain and nerve system.

Just as it is possible to feed the human body for fattening or muscle-making purposes, so has Dr. Hartmann found it scientifically possible to feed the central nerve, brain, and mental system of man.

Dr. Hartmann, the discoverer of "Antineurasthin," is anxious to have as many individuals as possible benefit by his discovery. He fully recognises that until they are convinced of the value of his discovery he cannot expect people to purchase "Antineurasthin." He has, therefore, arranged for a trial supply to be sent free of charge, together with a copy of Dr. Kuhner's remarkable treatise. The extraordinary brain-and-nerve-feeding value of Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin" will then be clearly demonstrated.

To secure the gratis trial supply, two penny stamps for postage should be enclosed with application, addressed to the Antineurasthin Co., 41, Botolph House, Eastcheap, E.C.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The White Wedding." By M. P. Shiel. (London: Laurie. Price 6s.)

This story may be very wonderful, but I confess I have been unable to read it though I have tried very hard. Lest anyone should be disposed to blame me for the omission, I will justify myself by quoting only *one* sentence, and what a sentence!

> They were the days of that gale which raged from the eighth into the twelfth of June, on whose third midnight Shan and Rosie heard it from an old tavern-room, like a garret, close to Grange Court, heard its surgings grow to augustness and roar with a great prolongation of argument, intriguing as though struggling through impeding gross media, like a period of Cicero and the career of Cæsar, then, those struggles lulled, lagrimoso roll low its roar, and go, solving and dissolving itself into mere pleadings, appealings, weariness of bereavement, streams of grieving too drear to dream, and brief last brigues, fatigued intrigues, and musings, last broodings, and musics too weary-sweet to breathe; then again heard it surge and grow to grandeur, and roar through a long contention, like a sentence of Cicero, and roll its roar low, and go, oratory of God.

What need we further witness?

"Mark Alston." By J. A. C. Sykes. London: Nash. 1908. Price 6s.)

Lady Sykes possesses so much cleverness and originality that I always look forward to all her writings with an anticipation of pleasure. But this sketch of the life of John Ruskin will disappoint readers who expect revelations. None of the characters possess the vitality with which I should have expected the author to endow them; and we are not even favoured with a sensational account of Mr. Ruskin's divorce. But a few of the minor characters are refreshing, and there is a masterly description of the portentous dulness of an early Victorian home.

> The daily programme of existence at Thursby Manor, which never varied, was decidedly uninspiring for a young and lively female. Family prayers at eight-thirty; breakfast at nine; the hours from ten to one passed by mother and daughter-in-law in the sitting-room of the former, the two ladies sewing or embroidering, and one or other reading aloud alternately from some improving book. From three o'clock every afternoon in a landau, open in fine weather and closed if there was the least prospect of rain, Mrs. Alston and her daughter-in-law drove for two or three hours; the object of the drive, besides air and "carriage exercise," being to visit some of Mrs. Alston's pensioners, inspect a village school or two, or sometimes pay a state visit to the wife of a neighbouring clergyman.
>
> Dinner was served at seven, followed by a more or less silent evening, for Mr. Alston had his London paper to study, Mark retired to his library to write, Jeannie either reading a novel or doing some light fancy work, and Mrs. Alston being invariably engaged in the composition of a mysterious garment which, when finished, would be disposed of as a charitable gift. At 9.45 Mr. Alston read prayers, and at ten o'clock the family retired to bed,

There is also an amusing touch of character when the hero presents his bride with a bunch of wildflowers, saying he knows they will please her better than any hot-house blooms, whereas she

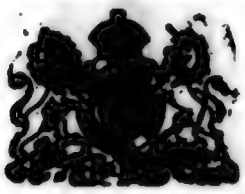
> would have certainly preferred a bunch of those lovely early roses and carnations she so much admired in Mr. Alston's splendid greenhouse. Indeed a bunch of weeds, as she secretly termed these spring flowers, did not appeal to her as a very splendid or suitable present; but, with her accustomed tact, she smiled, and gazed fondly at her lover and gently thanked him.

The proof-reader has not been very careful in correcting French and Italian words, for I find bibliotèque, Palais Royale, Champs Elysée, sandola, Guistina, &c. The illustrator is also responsible for representing carabinieri in hats resembling those of French officers. Lady Sykes herself makes few mistakes, but I must take exception to her description of a hall as "apparently only useful as an emporium for hats, cloaks and umbrellas." Surely the noble owner of the castle did not sell those useful articles. Again, a reader may be omnivorous, but surely not the act of reading; mauvaise honte is not "an almost untranslatable expression," for it may be rendered accurately by the words false shame; and Carolinian is a new adjective to me. All the same, we must never miss anything which Lady Sykes confides to a publisher, for she always reveals a strong and engaging personality.

LIPTON'S

Tea Merchants.

By Special Appointment



To His Majesty the King.

By Royal Warrant

To Their Majesties The King and Queen of Italy.

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON'S,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEA

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

THE QUEST FOR MARY JANE.

Disappointment deep and bitter has fallen on the Lambeth Board of Guardians. That august body recently published an advertisement for a domestic servant at one of their institutions, and after waiting as patiently as Job and as hopefully as Micawber, the Clerk has had to report that there are no replies. The Board do not appear to have realised that all the domestic servants, in common with all the saints and all the poets, are deceased, and peradventure awaiting a glorious resurrection.

The truth has dawned on them with the revelation according to Hobbs—the Rev. W. Hobbs—one of the members whose valuable counsel and assistance the Clerk apparently neglected in drawing the advertisement. "We should have advertised for a lady help or companion," exclaimed this prescient parson at the meeting of the Board the other day, "and then we should have been overwhelmed with answers." Here verily was the key which unlocked the door of mystery, and the Clerk was at once instructed to advertise again, "ostensibly for a lady companion, but really for a domestic servant." On this occasion I trust the Clerk will understand and appreciate the momentous nature of his literary task. If not, he had better collaborate with the discerning Hobbs.

Practised as I am in the higher elements of an art which may be said to have begun with Chaucer and ended with Marie Corelli, I should issue the advertisement somewhat in this form: "Lambeth Board of Guardians. Wanted immediately, a young lady experienced in the domestic work of a happy home, to wit, skill in the uses of the duster, the scrubbing brush, the wash-tub, the clothes line, the floor-cloth, the piano, and other fancy goods. As she will be required to act as the bosom friend of the missus, high character and great refinement are essential qualifications. Wages £30 a year all found, secured on the rates, with an extra bonus of £5 for every month she stops after the end of her first quarter's companionship. Applications in own handwriting (and never mind a dum about the spelling) to be made to the Clerk of the Board, Guardians Office, Lambeth." This, or something like this, will at once attract custom. Indeed, there should not be fewer than 6,875 applications by first post after the advertisement appears.

I do not disguise from myself, and certainly I do not disguise from the Guardians, that in the after treatment of the successful applicant kindness is essential. Let the Guardians remember that kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood; "that little deeds of kindness, little words of love, help to make earth happy like the heaven above." It is an earthly paradise on which the hearts and hopes of lady companions are fixed, and any small services the missus can render them, such as fetching up the firewood and the coals, tidying up in time for dinner, and rising at seven of a morning to do the work for which she pays them, will be greatly appreciated and cannot fail of its reward. It is true that heaven helps those who help themselves, but heaven help the missus who does not help her lady companion, for she shall be overwhelmed in the waters of tribulation, and all the wages she pays shall be vain.

This ethical aspect of the treatment of Mary Jane has been borne in upon me, as Dinah Morris used to say, ever since I heard of a certain housemaid's lament to the missus as she handed in her notice. "But are you not sorry to leave us all so soon?" asked the missus. "No, mum, I ain't," was the reply; "I ain't sorry to leave any one on you, except the dog, an' he alus does some o' the 'ousework, 'e does, if it's on'y weshin' the plates."

What the missus is apt to forget in these days is the solemn truth of those deathless words wrung out of the toilsome brow of the deadest of our living poets, Mr. Rudyard Kipling—

The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins.

It is the absence of sisterly affection between the drawing-room and the kitchen, between the grand piano and the black-lead brush, which is responsible for our bitterest disappointments in the quest of Mary Jane.

Let us look the truth in the eyes. The missus has never treated Mary Jane as an equal. She has always assumed that Mary Jane is a being on a lower scale of creation. Instead of inviting her into the drawing-room or the dining-room to mingle with the guests and enjoy the dance and the song, the bridge and the bananas, the tin of salmon and the sandwiches with the cress between, the quart of ale and the phonograph, as a sister should, she has required Mary Jane to wait on them as a mere hireling in that badge of servitude, a cap with strings. It is an outrage and an insult, a scandal, and a shame; and I am not surprised that Mary Jane, cleaving the chains of her servitude, should have been goaded at last to the assertion of the rights and privileges of her womanhood, and to stretch forth her lily-white hands for the bread of independence and the beer allowance of affection. For when all is said she is a lydy, and is entitled to be treated according. Let them as says she ain't prove it.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA? See page 413.

The Perfection of Enjoyment

in smoking is only given by the right tobacco for you. If your taste is cultivated, if you can appreciate the subtle but real superiority given by a perfectly blended mixture of right strength for your taste, that is both fragrant and as satisfying in all its qualities as only such a tobacco can be, then you will find what you want in one of these three.

They are exceptionally cool and alike in all good qualities, differing only in strength.

CHAIRMAN (MEDIUM)
BOARDMAN'S (MILD)
RECORDER (FULL)

All good class tobacconists supply them at 5½d. per oz.

R. J. Lea,
45, Market Street,
Manchester.

P4

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Rev. H. Huggins, Curate, Parish Church, Wellingborough.

REV. SIR,—A few days ago a young woman, distressed by a charge of theft made against her, threw herself in the River Nene. When her lifeless body was recovered, you said you were unable, as was your vicar, to perform the funeral ceremony, owing to the girl having committed suicide. Ultimately, on the pressure of the cemetery authorities, "you approached the grave without a surplice and read a psalm and a few prayers."

I do not suppose it would have done the poor girl any good if a man like you had read all the psalms and all the prayers with the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation thrown in; for what is prayer and praise on a man's lips if there is no love and no pity and no mercy in his heart? You and parsons such as you would be beneath notice if it were not for the discredit you do to the Church in which you preach and for the shame you bring to the religion which bears the name of Christ, that "meek, patient, gentle spirit, the truest gentleman that ever breathed." The dead was beyond you; it is the added pain and grief you gave to the living which matters. No doubt the man in the crowd who cried out that you were "burying the girl like a dog" exaggerated; the real truth being that you buried her as little like a human being as possible.

I am aware that according to the strict letter of the Burial Office, the service is "not to be used for any that die unbaptised, or excommunicate, or have laid violent hands upon themselves." But a Christian clergyman, by which I mean one whose religion was founded on that charity which is love, would have assumed that the poor girl in this case was mentally irresponsible when she committed suicide, and would have given her surviving relatives and friends such comfort and solace as they could have found in the beautiful Burial Office of his Church. You first refused, and then, as a lame compromise, you struck their poignant sorrow deeper in by an unwilling half-performance of the last rites. Sir, that was not only uncharitable, but it was cruel. You may show your vicar this letter, with my compliments, and inform him that what I have thought it well to say of you, applies to him also.

JOHN BULL.

To the Earl of Cromer, O.M.

MY LORD,—The papers have been announcing with a great flourish of trumpets that you are supporting the foundation of a society for the prevention of cruelty to vivisectors. It appears that those gentle, tender-hearted persons have had their feelings terribly upset by the toleration accorded to the brown dog of Battersea. That anyone should have the audacity to display sympathy towards the unfortunate animals which they are in the habit of torturing struck them as a monstrous outrage. In many cases the outrage consists mainly, if not entirely, in the suggestion that medical practitioners are not entirely angels of light. They now lay claim to the sort of infallibility which used to be restricted to priestcraft, and they are always ready, on the slightest provocation, to shriek at the top of their voices that "great is Diana of the Ephesians." If they were really the benevolent healers which they lay claim to be, there might be some excuse for their touchiness, but when we remember that they cannot even cure a cold, I find it difficult to have patience with their arrogance. I can understand a plea on behalf of an experiment in vivisection if it were performed once for all and were likely to benefit humanity. But the experiments are repeated again and again for the mere gratification of ignorant students, whose natures are hardened by their orgies of cruelty. In any case, I do not understand why you and a number of thoughtless bishops should interfere in the interests of the medicine men and endeavour to thwart the efforts which have been made on behalf of defenceless animals. However, a Royal Commission is now sitting to investigate the whole question, and, when the report is issued, I will afford you another opportunity of thrashing out the whole question. Meanwhile, my best wish to you is that you may be successful in keeping out of the clutches of the doctors.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. S. B. Atkinson, c/o Society for the Study of Inebriety.

DEAR DOC,—I note your statement to the Society for the Study of Drunks, that the craving for drink is really a craving for the mental state which drink produces, and, on the other hand, the statement of another expert, that he found only one reason why people drank, and that was because they liked it.

I fear I must back that gee-gee both ways. The mental state produced by the consumption of the untee-total beverages not only varies in different men, and is longer in coming on, but costs some men, drinking the same brew or vintage, more than others to achieve it. Give one man ninepence, and he will cuddle a red pillar-box or a blue policeman; give another man ninepence, and he will start raving because he can't catch flying snakes; give another ninepence, and he will drop down in the gutter, and trust to luck as to where he finds himself in the morning. On the other hand, give another man eighteenpence, and he'll start preaching.

Now, I can understand a man wanting to achieve the mental state which finds relief in cuddling a pillar-box or a policeman, or in singing in his boots or through his hat, but I cannot understand a man deliberately wasting ninepence merely to fail in catching snakes which aren't there, or to see himself paying seven-and-six and costs in the morning. The fact probably is that only a few men—and these usually solitary drinkers—drink for the mental state, and that most men drink for the same reason that they eat, because they like it; trusting to luck or judgment for any mental state which happens to be going for the money or the company. One thing is certain; the man who drinks only for a mental state, will get one of sorts, sooner or later.

I do not know whether these fine distinctions and qualifications will be of value in your profound studies, but, if so, pray make use of them in any way you think fit. They have been inspired by habits of close and keen observation of men in widely diverging walks of life—from the racecourse down to the House of Commons.

JOHN BULL.

To the Editor, "Malta Chronicle," Malta.

DEAR BROTHER,—From a report in your powerful organ, I gather that in the course of an operatic performance in the island, some too strenuous critic in the audience threw eggs at the performers, and on this you remark that "Egg-throwing at opera singers is discourteous, if not opprobrious."

It is a timely and true observation, my dear brother. It is inspired by a lofty thought. It is expressed in language of taste, culture, refinement, and skill. Not for years have I read anything in literature so true, so just, and so penetrating, and it is my intention to nominate you for a Nobel prize.

You have rightly discerned that hens do not lay eggs for the criticism of operatic performances. The tone, the *timbre*, the verve, the *technique* of a singer may not thrill the heart or capture the imagination; but as this may in great part be due to some natural, acquired, or temporary effect in the crico-thyroid, posterior crico-arytenoid, thyro-arytenoid, or lateral crico-arytenoid muscle, why should an indiscriminating, vicious, reckless, discourteous, and opprobrious criticism vent itself in eggs? Surely the man who throws them must also be cracked.

What is needed in our critical reviews of musical performances, dear brother, is not eggs, but charity. Let us praise, let us encourage singers to do their best, even if they can't help it. Let us rise as one man on both feet and demand that eggs shall be relegated to their proper sphere either in the egg-cup or the pudding. I send you cordial greeting.

JOHN BULL.

To the Secretary, Kennel Club, London.

SIR,—If it be true that several members of your club are agitating for the removal of the names of all ladies from the list of judges, I shall have to bring their conduct to the serious notice of Mrs. Pankhurst, and other suffragettes of influence in the councils of the nation.

As I understand the matter, it is contended that ladies are liable to prejudice in judging dogs, and do not display that strict judicial impartiality which the interests of justice demand. The accusation opens up a wide question of national importance, because if they cannot be trusted to hold the balance level between Fido and Trixie, how shall it be contended that when, in the fulness of time, they are call[illegible] on juries, they will a true verdict give between the [illegible] at the bar and our Sovereign Lord the King?

JOHN BULL.

The Political Whittington.

MANCHE
LICENSING BILL
TERMIN LOGICAL INEX TITUDE
RASH PROMISES
TAKE NOTICE THAT YOUR SERVICES ARE NOT REQUIRED AFTER APRIL 2ND 1908

TURN AGAIN?

IN THE CITY.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER,
124, Holborn, E.C.

Notwithstanding their recent plea of guilty to our charge of being fraudulent stock and share dealers, bogus bankers and investment experts, and general "wrong 'uns," the two men Marr and Reece, calling themselves "Arnold and Butler," of 124, Holborn, E.C., are still apparently endeavouring to ensnare fresh victims into their net by means of lying circulars and booklets. We trust, however, the police will shortly put a stop to their proceedings.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "TIMES" DEAL.

For some time past it has been a matter of common knowledge that the *Times* was in the market. Some months ago it was semi-officially announced that Mr. Pearson had bought it. He had, in fact, been negotiating for its purchase, and had settled terms with the chief proprietor, Mr. Arthur Walter. These terms were never made known to the public, but it may be said that they were extraordinarily advantageous to Mr. Pearson. The deal fell through owing to the opposition of the other proprietors, who dissented from Mr. Walter's views of the deal, and successfully appealed to the Courts to quash the provisional agreement.

Mr. Pearson had come into the business in this wise. Mr. Walter has for his neighbour, at Bear Wood, Sir Alexander Henderson, of Buscot Park. Mr. Walter explained the financial necessities of the *Times* to Sir Alexander Henderson, who was disposed to help, but said that he could not do so without consulting Mr. Pearson. Mr. Pearson was quick to respond, and succeeded, as we have said, in persuading Mr. Walter to consent to proposals which, if they had been accepted, would have been greatly to Mr. Pearson's advantage in more ways than one.

The negotiations with Mr. Pearson having fallen through, search was then made for other capitalists. Certain eminent City and other business men, including the senior of a very prominent financial house, and of an equally prominent firm of contractors, were approached, and the proposal was favourably considered by more than one of the persons invited to join the proposed syndicate; but these second negotiations were in the end fruitless, like the first, although upon this particular occasion no opposition came from any of what we may call the outside proprietors of the *Times*.

Some weeks ago it was stated in the *Times* itself that arrangements had been made which would meet the financial requirements of the business without disturbing the present control of the paper, and the names of the directorate of the company about to be formed were given. These names consist of Mr. Arthur Walter, his brother, and various members of the *Times* staff, including Mr. Moberly Bell as managing director. Thus the third set of negotiations had resulted in raising the money required, namely, £500,000.

There has been considerable speculation in newspaper circles as to who found the new capital, but the secret has been kept. We are, however, in a position to state that the £500,000 has been put up in equal parts by two gentlemen, one moiety by Lord Northcliffe, the other by a very leading South African mining millionaire. These gentlemen have found the money required without insisting upon any direct control of the editorial or business section of the paper. So far as the editorial and business management are concerned, they will remain as they have been. The two gentlemen concerned in finding the money will take either debenture stock or preference shares in the new company, or possibly both.

It may be added that the circulation of the *Times* was never larger than it is to-day, and there is good reason for the belief that, now the financial difficulties have been overcome, the profits of the organisation, which will in future include the very large profit derived from the printing contract, something like £30,000, will be ample to give satisfactory returns to those who are financially interested in the great journal of which every educated Englishman, no matter what his party politics, has in the past been proud.

THE TOBACCO TRUST AND THE GOVERNMENT.
Some Suggestions.

We have received the following letter from a correspondent who signs himself "A Tobacco Dealer who, in fear of giving offence to the Trust, prefers not to disclose his identity." It is not our practice to take notice of anonymous communications, but there are exceptions to every rule, and we think the letter of sufficient interest to warrant our making an exception in its favour:—

> If the Liberal Government is true to their p[illegible]
> y do they allow a monopoly unde[r] [illegible]
> perial Tobacco Co., Ltd., which is [illegible]
> monopoly in this country, is positively protected by the Government. They (the Imperial Company) have built up within the last few years a colossal Trust, the worst this country has ever seen.
>
> Nobody knows this better than the Government, especially the Exchequer, and records show that every year many manufacturers are driven out. During the last two or three years over ninety manufacturers have had to close their doors and go out of business. The Chancellor of the Exchequer knows better than anybody who got the trade! The Trust—that gigantic tobacco monopoly which is in our midst, notwithstanding the Government who are pledged to Free Trade.
>
> The Tobacco Trust has a capital of 18 millions, yet the same amount of business could easily be done with a capital of 5 millions, and on such a capital it would show a profit of over 60 per cent.
>
> The tobacco dealers of this so-called Free Trade England are nothing better than slaves at the command of the Trust. One half of the dealers can hardly make a bare living, their profits being so small that they can scarcely exist.
>
> Now I contend that this is not Free Trade, and if there is anything in the pledge given by the Government, it is high time they made enquiries into the working of the Tobacco Trust and its dealings with the independent manufacturers and small traders of Great Britain.
>
> If the Government require money for their old age pension scheme (the people are taxed highly enough already), I suggest that it should look to the profits of this monopoly as a source of revenue.
>
> A word also about the Bill introduced by the present Government, having for its object the suppression of smoking among juveniles.
>
> Prohibition by Act of Parliament will not prevent youths smoking. This is being demonstrated in practice in the United States. With all the efforts to prohibit cigarette smoking among juveniles, the manufacture of cigarettes in the United States of America showed an *increase* last year of 1,600,000,000.
>
> The Bill before Parliament does not, I contend, go to the root of the matter. The only way to stop juvenile smoking is this: Let the Government prohibit the Trust from manufacturing and selling cigarettes in packets of five for a penny; let the minimum number of cigarettes that can be sold be fixed at 10 for 2½d., or even 10 for 3d. a packet. Very few boys can afford to purchase a 2½d. or 3d. packet of cigarettes, while the same class of lads can easily expend a penny.
>
> Another matter of particular importance in connection with smoking among juveniles is to stop the Trust from inserting pictures in packets of cigarettes. Everyone has at one time or another been pestered by small ragged boys who wait outside tobacconists' shops and plead smokers for the pictures from the packets of cigarettes.
>
> The collection of picture cards from the cigarette packets is the first inducement to the boy to take to smoking, and this should be stopped.
>
> If the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not see his way clear to prohibit the manufacture and sale of five for a penny cigarettes, I suggest that he imposes a surtax of, say, a shilling a pound on cigarettes that are made up in less than 10 in a package. This, of course, will help stop smoking among juveniles, and the Government will gain in revenue as a result of the surtax a sum of not less than a quarter of a million pounds a year, which could go towards the fund now being raised for old age pensions or in reduction of taxation generally.
>
> The Trust—The Imperial Tobacco Company—are to-day making from £800,000 to £1,000,000 sterling per annum from the sale of five a penny cigarettes, and if the tax I suggest be imposed by the Government, they—the Imperial Tobacco Company—will be paying something for the injury done to the lives and health of juvenile smokers.

INSURANCE COMPANIES AND THEIR CLERKS.

We have received the following letter from a well-informed correspondent. Some insurance companies seem to be as indifferent to the just claims of their junior staff as many banks:—

> The following facts in connection with the methods of a well known London Accident Insurance Company having come to my knowledge, I desire to lay them before you for publication.
>
> In the first place, then, I hardly need say that during the past year, owing to the introduction of the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, insurance companies were swamped with an unprecedented influx of business.
>
> This extra pressure of work, I am informed, commenced as far back as January of last year (for policies were then being issued as if the Act were already in force), and continued to the end of September. The insurance company in question, it appears, expected the clerks to stay systematically until nine and ten o'clock at night in order to cope wit[h] [illegible] and offered them in return no compensatio[n] [illegible] rifling allowance for tea.

In June, as the pressure of work was becoming heavier and the clerks, in consequence, were required to stay until an even later hour, the allowance for tea was increased to eighteenpence and called "supper money."

In July and August the climax was reached, and it was found necessary to have recourse to a system of day and night "shifts"; this system was in operation for a month in the case of those departments most affected by the pressure of work. The staff received no compensation for the strain and inconvenience of this night work. When the "rush" had to some extent subsided, I am told many of the temporary clerks who had been engaged were dismissed with only a few hours' notice.

The reason that I am only now exposing these anomalies is that the clerks had all along cherished the hope that when the salaries were revised, reparation would be made them.

I am informed that, heretofore, it has been the custom of this Company to grant annual increments on a recognised scale; but this year, *mirabile dictu*, clerks earning over £75 per annum have received no increase of salary whatever while those earning less than this amount have been granted merely their "scale" increment.

The question of compensation for overtime, it will be seen, has been utterly ignored.

NEW ISSUE.

THE LONDON ELECTROBUS CO., LIMITED. This company is now offering 240,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each and 12,000 Deferred shares of 5s. each. We hope our readers will not apply for allotments. The Electrobus is a great improvement on the ordinary motor 'bus, but shareholders look for a return upon their money, and we do not see how they are to get it from this company. The prospectus avoids the *crux* of the position—namely, "expenses." It only gets to an "estimate," and we know those estimates. We observe that Mr. William Roberts is on the board. Does he represent the contractors for the 125 vehicles that are to be bought, and for the further number that may be bought? Is the price to be paid £700 per vehicle, exclusive of the cost of tyres, and is Dr. Lehwess interested in the promotion? It would be interesting too to know what inquiries Sir E. Dering made before he joined the board. He might with ultimate advantage to himself remember what came of the late Lord Dufferin's confidence in promoter's statements.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

INSURANCE POLICIES.—H. M. T. (Birmingham).—It is difficult to answer your question as to whether it is best for you to take out a policy with profits or without. If the insurer lives to the end of 20 years a with-profit policy is by far more remunerative, but non-profit insurance will always command a following among persons whose chief consideration is low initial cost. The deferred advantages of the with-profit policy, though they are clear enough sometimes, fail to outweigh the importance of an immediate saving in premium. F. W. S. (Filey).—(1) The Legal and General is probably the best for your purpose. (2) We know nothing against the Friendly Society you name.

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. H. B. (Hanwell).—We note your promise to add 100,000 to our circulation, if only we will publish your letter, which, as we read it, is a gross libel upon the insurance company of which you were lately a servant. As we told you when you called, we can have nothing to do with the matter. You should go to the Courts if you think you can sustain the indictment, and your financial position warrants the risk.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.—R. R. R. (Wallsend).—We should prefer the Newcastle-on-Tyne Electric Supply Company. It has one of the richest industrial areas in the Kingdom to work upon, it is under most competent management, and the profit on working has shown continuous and large improvement during the last fifteen years. At the price of 6½ the ordinary shares yield over 6½ per cent., while the preference shares give a yield of over 4½ per cent., the second debenture stock 4½ per cent., and the first debentures nearly 4½ per cent. G. J. F. (Tottenham).—On the whole, we should leave them alone. The Newnes' shares ought to improve, but we are inclined to share your doubt as to whether they will. W. E. F. (Tulse Hill).—Sir W. G. Armstrong, Babcock and Wilcox Ordinary, Brunner, Mond and Co., Bryant and May; all would give you between 5 per cent. and 6 per cent., and represent sound securities. E. P. S. (London).—We have no reason to suppose that it would not be safe, but we prefer older institutions.

APPLICATION TO MONEYLENDER.—W. F. J. (Bermondsey).—We do not see how we can help you, or what there is to complain of. You made your application for a loan, and it was declined. The inquiry fee of 1s. 6d. was a very modest one, and it does not seem to us that you are entitled to its return, or could enforce it.

UNITED KINGDOM INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—E. B. (Westgate-on-Sea).—We do not remember the complaint. Perhaps you will repeat it.

THE "MARGIN" SYSTEM.—W. W. (Wimbledon).—Of course it is a gamble. What else can it be?

VARIOUS RAILWAY SHARES.—ANXIOUS (Bristol).—(1) We should prefer London and North-Western stock, well worth its present price. (2) The 4½ second mortgage debenture stock of Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, would give you, at its present price, close upon 4½ per cent., and the interest on this debenture issue, taking the latest figures, is covered 21 times over, with a margin of £700,000 behind it.

RECOMMENDATION OF BANK.—J. L. V. (London).—We do not recommend banks offering the interest you mention, with the other alleged benefits. You would get about a third of the promised interest from the Birkbeck Bank, and you would have to pay for the cheque book. We should prefer that—with easy sleep at nights. C. V. S. (Gravesend).—See previous answer.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE.—A REGULAR READER (Eastbourne).—It is one of the greatest insurance companies in the world.

BRITISH OIL CAKE COMPANY.—ONION (Eye).—(1) We differ from your friend as to the value of the cake shares you mention. (2) Gorringes' have been experiencing rather troublous times, but we understand the outlook to have improved. BERTRAND (Byars Road).—It is not.

OVERSEA BROKERS.—ANXIOUS (Bettws-y-coed).—Your friend was very lucky, and should rest on his laurels. Don't be lured into the net. W. J. D. (Aberdeen).—We never recommend our readers to indulge in the costly pastime of Stock Exchange speculation. J. L. (New Southgate).—We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising dealings, but believe the firm to be respectable. E. B. L. (Bristol).—We have our eyes on several firms.

NEW GREAT WHEAL FORTUNE SYNDICATE.—J. B. A. (Coventry).—We do not—not fivepence.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—W. S. (Liverpool).—We thank you for the documents you send us. We need hardly advise you to have nothing more to do with these people.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—READER OF "JOHN BULL" (South Norwood).—We cannot accept responsibility for statements not our own. J. H. M. (Clifton).—Our information is that the corporation which took over the business of the syndicate delivers the bonds it undertakes to supply in due course. G. T. (Sunderland).—Write again and send us a copy of the reply.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—G. S. (Wallasey).—See answer to "Small Investor."

TWO COMPANIES.—INVESTOR (Whetstone).—The answer to both questions is in the negative.

KAPNOS CIGAR AND CIGARETTE COMPANY.—C. I. P. (Dulwich).—We are obliged to you for your letter, from which we note that the man who carried on this business, one Donald McKenzie, has disappeared.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERIES.—J. S. (Merthyr Tydfil).—We are glad to hear of the quarryman in Carnarvon who won £800, and the publican's son who won £1,500, and a North-Western platelayer who retired with £8,000 won from a foreign lottery, but we are still a little sceptical. Send us the names and addresses of these lucky fellows.

INVESTMENT OF £300.—SAFE (Cape Town).—Jay's Cumulative Preference shares would give you the 5 per cent. you want, with excellent security.

BOATMEN'S INSTITUTE AND BUILDING SOCIETY.—R. C. (Islington).—We know nothing against it.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—J. B. (Ludlow).—We think not. DOUBTFUL (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We do not recommend depositing with institutions offering an exceptionally high rate of interest. E. D. (Rochester).—The answer is, neither. J. H. (Tooting).—See previous answer.

SALVATION ARMY LIFE ASSURANCE.—C. J. H. (Bristol).—We take note of what you say respecting the man Bull.

AMALGAMATED RADIO-TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—R. J. (Birmingham).—We should not be in a hurry to take advantage of your friend's offer.

THE BRITISH LIFE OFFICE.—BRITISH (Clapham).—We are inclined to think so.

DOUBLE OPTIONS.—A. B. N. (Glasgow).—Throw the pamphlet into the fire, and have nothing to do with double options and other dodges of the sort.

INVESTMENT OF £300.—W. G. (Nottingham).—You would be very foolish to put your £300 with the company you name.

THE PREMIER INDUSTRIAL BANK, LIMITED.—X. Y. Z. (Cardiff).—We have no doubt your information as to the connection of this concern with the British Equitable Bond and Mortgage Corporation is correct. We do not think your friend has acted wisely in his application.

LEEDS AND HANLEY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.—H. W. (Cardiff).—We think you may write off the money as a bad debt.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—J. H. (Hetton-le-Hole).—We think so.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER INSURANCE COMPANY.—SHEFFIELD (Sheffield).—No.

WILLOUGHBY CONSOLIDATED.—F. C. S. (Aberdare).—(1) We do not see any likelihood of recovery in the price of these shares. (2) You would be foolish to be guided by the advice of the print you name.

MANCHURIAN RAILWAY BONDS.—B. D. R. (Southminster).—We should hold them for the present, but do not increase your holding.

MINT GUARANTEE CORPORATION.—E. C. (Sudbury).—We cannot help you to solve the puzzle.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION.—STICKFAST (Bristol).—(1) No. (2) We do not recommend you to deposit money with the people named.

EXCELSIOR SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE.—R. E. P. (Colchester).—We entirely concur with your criticisms.

SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—POLICY (Cleveden).—The company was established in 1883. It is enterprising and well and economically managed.

MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—W. H. C. (Crouch End).—We are obliged to you.

WEST AFRICAN RAILWAYS.—S. W. (Leominster).—We should say that the statements are substantially correct.

SMALL INVESTOR.—W. H. P. (Cardiff).—It small investors *will* gamble in stocks and shares, it is better that they should deal with a firm like the London and Paris, with the knowledge that, *if* they win, they will be paid, than with swindlers of the Arnold and Butler type. *That* is why we accept the advertisement.

BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION.—SINTAX (Maldon).—We think not.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.—J. H. (Barking).—The three building societies you name are in the front rank, and you may be sure that any dealings you have with any one of them would give you satisfaction.

STATUS OF BANK.—SUPPORTER (Islington).—We much prefer "A" to "N." We thank you for your offer.

SOUTH LUTON DISTRICT GAS COMPANY.—C. C. B. (Rotherham).—Our opinion coincides with that of *Truth*. As to how you will get your money back, we are afraid you will find it difficult.

ALBION ASSURANCE AND SICK BENEFIT SOCIETY.—EYES-ALL (Darlington).—We should not advise it.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND SOUTH-EASTERN EQUITABLE SOCIETY.—H. B. G. (Hove).—We have no reason to question the good management and solvency of this institution.

LIFE AND HEALTH ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—R. E. B. (Lincoln).—We should take the offer.

ONE AND ALL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—H. R. W. (Highgate).—The answer to your question is in the negative. We hope to go more into detail respecting the matter to which your letter refers so soon as the report of the actuary has been received.

MAXIMS, LIMITED.—KOMO (Pompey).—Our advice to you is to hold. We have good accounts of the prospects of the company.

INVESTMENT REGISTRY, LIMITED.—HILLTOP (Huddersfield).—We think not.

FELTHAM'S BANK.—R. S. M. (London).—We have already explained that, under the new management, we believe this institution to be honestly conducted and safe for small accounts.

PREMIUM BONDS.—DESIDERATUM (Sunderland).—The purchase of Premium Bonds requires considerable discrimination, or you may easily be stuck with something worthless. Better keep your children's money in the Savings Bank. ENQUIRER (Newcastle).—See reply to "Desideratum," Sunderland. T. H. P. (London).—You will get them at the market price from N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., or from the London and Paris Exchange.

CONGO BONDS.—W. D. (London).—The price is not likely to alter much.

TWO BANKS.—H. R. (Edinburgh).—Neither is in the first rank. C. L. P. (Perth).—We cannot recommend deposits with either of these so-called banks. DELTA (Ashford).—The answer is in the affirmative.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—WEASLE (Finsbury).—We should prefer the smaller interest offered by the Birkbeck Bank, where you would know your money to be perfectly safe. J. R. (Bristol).—We should prefer the Birkbeck Bank, and be content with the lower interest. SCRIBE (Merstham).—We should not advise it. We regret we can be of no assistance to you in advising as to where best to send your article.

THE CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LIMITED.—Stock and Share Dealers, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W. No Commission. Loss Limited. Profit Unlimited. All payments made directly bargain closed. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. Telephone Nos., 8W Westminster, 1765 Gerrard. Telegraphic address, "Stockwork." London.—ADVT.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

An Epidemic of Dancers.

It may be an effect of the Entente, or of the weather we're having, or of the imitative skill of London's managers, or of any one of a dozen other possible causes; the fact is, that London has not for years had as much dancing in the bills of its entertainments as she has just now. True, Genée is in America, whence she returns to the Empire in June; the Empire, meanwhile, has Topsy Sinden—not a Genée, but a delightful little dancer all the same. Across the way, at the Alhambra, the dancers are far more numerous and brilliant than for a long time past. Apart from the leading ladies in the ballet, there is La Belle Leonora, a dancer whose genuine knowledge of classical dancing and her sense of humour enable her to make hay beautifully of the pseudo-classicism of Miss Maud Allan, whom La Belle Leonora caricatures in "Sal-oh-my." Shortly at the Alhambra we shall see Mlle. Pomponette in "characteristic Parisian dances"—not too characteristic, yet sufficiently Parisian, I hope—in the new ballet, "Red, White, and Blue," which is the divertissement christened originally "Under Two Flags" re-christened. The Oxford has just added to its list a remarkably handsome and gifted dancer in Sahary, who is as well worth seeing in her way as Miss Allan of the Palace in her's; and I have seen capital dancing—not mere catch-as-catch-can high-kicking—at several other halls lately. The theatres are finding out also that really charming dances are as attractive as pretty music, tasteful singing, and skilled acting.

The American Invasion.

"Our American Cousins" are in strong force at the London theatres just now, on the stage and off. In the former department they cannot be said to have added much to the artistic values of the season, although some of their plays and acting—their acting especially—is interesting enough. The best American acting to be seen here at present—and one of the best American plays—is on view at the Lyric, where "A White Man" flourishes like the Irish parson's green bay horse. Two weird specimens of American drama are showing at the Adelphi and the Aldwych. At the latter house, "Way Down East" embodies almost every vice of the ancient British melodrama, including the white-souled maiden with a happily deceased baby, the father with a heart of stone, the villain with a collar of fur, and all the other points of "the transpontine drama of our childhood (not forgetting the snowstorm). It would be horrible were it not for the etceteras. These include a peasant choir that would be admirable had it any idea when to leave off; but it meanders on, like a suburban politician. Another etcetera is the knockabout comedian. Now, there are no other knockabouts like the Americans. America is a knockabout imitation of a civilised land; and its people are all noisy and knockabout, from the shoe-black to the President. They are all amusing to the sane outsider with a sense of humour; and the specimens at the Aldwych are peculiarly amusing—especially the confessed knockabouts. Mr. George Ade, of "Fables in Slang," is responsible for "The College Widow," now at the Adelphi. It is a barbarous product of a barbarous people—as crude in method as a Western Labour Union. Yet, after one has mastered the foreign lines in which it is written, "The College Widow" is diverting enough. I commend it especially to the notice of those politicians and other soft-minded folk who imagine that there is any sort of relationship, moral or intellectual, between the American and the English people. P.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE HALF-TIMER.

[We recently published an article by Mr. Shercliker under this title, and now have pleasure in publishing the following reply.]

BY NANCY YATES.

Working-class Lancashire looks with anger upon the idea of raising the age at which a child may leave school and the abolition of the half-time system.

The employers care very little about the matter.

The half-timers are employed by the work-hands, not by the masters. A system which, so deeply rooted, must have something to recommend it.

In the first place, the half-timer does not push out a grown-up person.

The cotton industry is a highly skilled trade, and the half-timer is learning it all the time it is a half-timer.

Its earnings are small, only a few shillings, which are paid by the work-hand, not the master, but it receives what is more valuable than its small wages—viz., a thorough grounding in the work and an insight into all the little mysteries and technics which lie about a skilled trade. The younger the fingers, the more flexible they are, and it is a certain skill and dexterity with the fingers that is required more than strength in the cotton industry.

Take the weaving department, for instance, a branch that employs the majority of workers. Here, men and women work together, all earning the same rate of pay, yet sometimes a little white-faced girl of eighteen may be found working against a big robust man who has perhaps been kept at school till he was fourteen because he couldn't pass his labour examination. Both will be weaving the same kind of cloth, yet the girl will earn two or three shillings a week more than the man. He has the strength, but she has the skill.

Certainly no one will deny that fourteen ought to be the age for school exemption, but considering the peculiar case of Lancashire and its trade, the child ought to be allowed to go to work as a half-timer at thirteen.

There is a lot of rubbish talked about the little child being dragged out of its warm bed by hard parents.

The child is always glad to begin work; it provides an agreeable change from the monotony of school, and looks forward with eagerness to the time when it shall leave school altogether.

There are working people who keep their children at school till they are fourteen; notably, those parents who have but one or two children to provide for.

But these parents are educating their children in the hopes that they will get out of the working-class altogether.

They intend their sons to enter the office department and their daughters to enter the teaching profession. In other words, they intend them to wear boots instead of clogs. It is a laudable ambition, but if every working-class parent were seized with the same idea—What would become of the cotton industry? The well-being of Lancashire is built upon cotton.

The individual wages are not high, but everybody works, and the collective wages often equal the income of a professional man. A weaver does not earn above an average of 25s. a week, but when the wife works too it means £2 10s., which is a decent weekly income. It is hard for the wife, but she is always looking forward to the time when the children will be working. When this happy time arrives she will stay at home and look after the family, who will bring their wages to her.

Of course, the longer the children are in beginning to work, the longer will she have to stay at the mill, which fact alone explains the resentment shown at the idea of raising the age of the school exemption.

Lancashire children begin to work early, but they are well cared for. They are well fed, and well clothed. Last, and not least, they know what a week's holiday at the seaside means.

It is claimed for Antineurasthin Tablets that they are an unfailing cure for nervous exhaustion. Neurasthenia, or nervous exhaustion, is the destruction of the nerve cells, and the tablets, which are readily assimilated, and conveyed to the nerves through the blood passages, build up the loss in the brain and nerve centres. Full particulars can be got from the Antineurasthin Company, Botolph House, Eastcheap, E.C., and a trial supply will be sent on application. Two stamps should be enclosed to cover postage.

OPTIONS

Comparatively speaking the **British Public** has hitherto taken but little interest in that method of **operating on the Stock Exchange** known as Options, though for many years past it has been a highly favourite means with shrewd financiers generally, both on the Continent and in America.

Two great attractions loom out before all the remaining important advantages of Option Dealing. In the first place, the exact limit of liability is definitely known at the outset; in the second, temporary set-backs, passing panics, and unforeseen collapses may be disregarded, and viewed with equanimity by the operator.

CALL OPTIONS must commend themselves to all, as this system is safe, effective, and easy, and **big profits** may be earned with a **minimum cash outlay** and risk. Purchasers of Options in Home and American Rails at ruling prices will doubtless be congratulating themselves in the near future, and the present opportune moment should be utilised for immediate operations.

LOWEST OPTION RATES
In Home and American Rails, Mining and Industrial Shares.

RATES and HANDBOOK
Gratis and Post Free from

MILNE, SON & HAMILTON,
SWAN CHAMBERS,
GREAT SWAN ALLEY, LONDON, E.C.

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—
That both 'Varsity crews trained on pip-less oranges.
That the Bishops' motto is "Union is Strength."
That the Kaiser intends to put a tariff on Foreign Ambassadors.
That the Volunteers have at length become real "terrors."
That with so much beer, it is safe for the Government to risk an Irish split.
That R.A. stands for "Real Artist."
That the Port of London Bill will have the sup-port of London.

"Something must be done, unless we are to have hell in Ireland," said Mr. Birrell on Home Rule. But there is always "I" in Ireland.

The education controversy is only a question of spelling. The Nonconformists stand up for their rights, and the Churchmen for their rites.

The *Star* alludes to the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill as "a clerical carrot dangled before a donkey's nose." Complimentary to the Government.

Several of the Volunteer regiments celebrated the demise of the system by sounding the "Last Post." And some of them seem to have caught it.

A statue of the Kaiser in a toga and crowned with laurels is to be placed in the Berlin Academy of Arts. We always thought he was a Rum-un.

In all Chinese schools, students have been forbidden to take an interest in politics, contribute to papers, or read novels. Celestials indeed!

Mr. F. Hovenden says that all human beings were formed by the same means as the chicken. Doubtless this accounts for the addle-pated folk we often meet.

Paris is going to have a washing exhibition. There should be no lack of dirty linen.

A correspondent to the *Lancet* advocates the sucking of peppermint drops as a cure for cigarette smoking. We prefer the disease.

The Speaker says he is not a great believer in speeches. He doesn't believe all he hears.

Dr. Lowell forecasts the ultimate extinction of humanity by thirst. But the Licensing Bill is not passed yet!

"This is my birthday, too!" exclaimed an East End shopkeeper, fined £3 7s. 6d. for selling margarine as butter. He had a fine day for it.

"Nothing is so good as perspiration," said Mr. Justice Grantham during a recent case. No wonder "sweaters" thrive.

The statement that elaborate backs are to be the rage this season will be glad news to women who always wear a bold front.

"Never sit if you can lie," says an expert on health. Members of Parliament, of course, excepted.

After spending six days in a rabbit burrow, a fox-terrier has returned home "little the worse for its long fast." The health of the rabbits is not mentioned.

According to Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, if you want to live to a great age, sour milk is the only whey.

"Pedlar's Pack" is the title of a recent book. No doubt it is full of good things.

"Don't suffocate Baby. Use ——'s soothers," reads an advertisement. Are they as effective?

"When is a profit not a profit?" asks the *Star* respecting the L.C.C. tramways. We suggest, when it is a Moderate one.

The Paris musician who committed suicide by drinking sulphuric acid from his flute, evidently took pains with his music.

"Pedestrians are not compelled to stick to the pavement," says the City Recorder. On the contrary, they are compelled to move on.

A gentleman who called at a chemist's was rather dubious about being served by a very young man, and asked, "Have you any diploma?" The reply was, "I'm afraid not, sir, but we have a preparation of our own which is just as good."

To Small Traders.

THE
MERCANTILE BANK of LONDON,
LIMITED.

Increased Banking facilities granted to those desirous of opening Current Trading Accounts.

Trade Bills Discounted at 1% over Bank Rate.

2½% allowed on Drawing Accounts
With Cheque-book;

4% allowed on Deposit Accounts
Repayable on demand.

Deposit Rate does not fluctuate with Bank of England Rate.

For Balance Sheet and full particulars apply the Secretary:—

THE MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON,
LTD.

Established 16 years.

Authorised Capital . . . £500,000.

KING'S HOUSE, KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

PEARKSOWN

is a mixture of Butter and Milk, an absolutely pure, wholesome food, better than the best butter.

You can only obtain it from

PEARKS' STORES.

500 Direct Branches and Agencies.

Head Office:—6, BAYER STREET, E.C.

The
CENTRAL STOCK EXCHANGE,
LTD.
(Established 1893),
66, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.
FOR
GOOD TERMS ON ALL METHODS.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

"My husband wants me to treat him like a lodger," said a woman at Highgate Police Court. He wanted too much.

Soldiers on the march have been ordered not to smoke cigarettes. The authorities doubtless consider they have had fag enough.

A writer suggests London to Paris without changing. Ferry good.

The Liberals consider the triumph of Mr. Gooch a perfect liquor.

A peeress dropped her muff in the House of Lords. Surely there are enough there already.

A desirable villa residence recently collapsed, and on inquiry it was found that the builder had carelessly taken down the scaffolding before the wallpaper had been put on.

When wives travel with their husbands on the Norwegian railways, they only pay half fares. A good many hasty marriages are probably arranged in the waiting-rooms.

A local paper recently inserted the following: "The Rev. Blank occupied the pulpit at the church last Sunday, and it will now be closed three weeks for repairs."

A box containing a puff adder from South Africa, when opened at the Zoo, was found to contain ten little adders, born in transit. Some in addition.

The Rev. Forbes Phillips confesses that on political enquiry bent he visited twenty public-houses in one evening. Jim Crow says that's nothing.

Mr. Victor Grayson called the egg splashed over him at a Croydon meeting a "soft impeachment." It was not a soft impingement. The man who hurled the missile should have exclaimed, "Take my yolk upon you!"

Mr. Asquith has risen from being a devil at the Bar to be Premier. This is giving the devil his due.

In dismissing his class, a professor recently said, "Gentlemen, I have heard that fish is good for the brain. I recommend some of you to try a whale."

A stranger entered a church, sat down, and listened to the sermon. At length he whispered to his neighbour, "How long has he been preaching?" "Thirty or forty years, I think." "Ah, well, I'll wait, he must be nearly done by now."

Captain Newman has declined to stand as Unionist candidate for S.E. Essex. We are sorry, for the Opposition are sadly in need of a new man.

A contemporary says, "There is a lady, the wife of a Cabinet Minister, who can talk perfect nonsense." Worse than that, for her husband repeats his wife's orations.

A poor man once interviewed a millionaire, and told a piteous tale of woe. At last the rich man melted, and called his servant, saying, "Here, John, put this poor fellow outside. He is breaking my heart."

A remarkable case is noted from Antwerp, where a lady has had two sets of triplets in one year. No wonder there are proposals to alter the calendar!

The Liberal candidate for West Somerset, Mr. Walter King, is blind. We hope he will be elected, for Parliament will soon open his eyes.

Seven thousand British subjects are born at sea every year. Now we know what is meant by "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

One of the papers had a series of articles, "An Author in Arms." Judging by the style, we quite believe it.

When asked to sing, never decline, unless you possess a really good voice.

A FEW DON'TS FOR READERS DESIROUS OF STUDYING ETIQUETTE.

When at afternoon tea, *don't* put your empty winkle-shells in the lady's lap.

Don't speak with your mouth full. Remember that a silent gorge is invariably picturesque. A still tongue, moreover, makes a full stomach.

Don't pass remarks concerning the grimaces some of your neighbours may be making in the action of masticating their food. Let them eat as they chews.

Don't drink out of your finger bowl.

Don't pick your teeth with your fork.

There is comfort

IN TROUSERS PRESSED IN

EVERITT'S

PATENT TROUSERS PRESS,

and comfort in the assurance of the additional smartness it gives to your appearance. The principle of EVERITT'S PRESS affords the quickest and most effective means of keeping trousers in correct shape, and gives a faultless hang to the garment. If you require a very light, but efficient Press—one easy to carry about—ask your tailor to show you the new "PACK-FLAT" PRESS, or write to-day for "K" circular.

EVERITT PRESS MFG. CO.

17, Laurence Pountney Lane,

CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

P.W.T.

WEALTH.

THE REWARD OF THRIFT.

WITHOUT GAMBLING!

WITHOUT SPECULATING!!

WITHOUT RISK!!!

Invest Your Savings in Government

PREMIUM BONDS.

They are guaranteed at to principal and interest, consequently as safe as British Consols. They bear fixed interest, in most cases from 2 to 4 per cent., and give the holders the chance of acquiring a fortune by Periodical Drawings with Prizes from £24,000 down to £40.

A shoemaker whose wages were only 25s. per week has drawn

THE FIRST PRIZE OF £24,000

of the Ottoman Government Railroad Bonds, which he bought only two months before for £6 10s. 0d.

They appeal alike to the man with thousands and the man with shillings.

EASY TERMS (from 10s. per month) of Payment if desired.

Write a postcard for descriptive booklet to:—

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION,

49, King William Street, London, E.C.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

JOHN BULL POSTCARDS.—We have now received from our printers a new supply of very artistic Picture Postcards, and shall be pleased to forward some to any reader on receipt of stamped addressed envelope large enough to take an ordinary-sized postcard.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

WE OFFER our apologies to readers who, owing to a temporary breakdown of our complicated numbering machinery, received a copy of our issue of April 18th bearing no number upon the cover. We shall be happy to forward a complete copy to any reader who returns a defective one, and to refund the postage.

H. R. (Plumstead Common), "DOUBTFUL" (Pembroke Dock), A. C. B. (S. Norwood), W. B. (Glasgow), A. M. S. (Belsize Square), R. H. B. (King's Lynn), and "FIAT JUSTITIA" (Edinburgh). Although we take every means to satisfy ourselves as to the respectability of all firms advertising in JOHN BULL and reserve the right to remove any advertisements where information comes to our knowledge derogatory to them, we cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of recommending dealings.

W. C. (London).—That's the worst of these amateur contributors!

S. H. B. (Moor-Allerton).—A misprint for 1892.

J. E. H. (Beckenham).—The offence was very trivial and purely technical.

S. J. C. (North Shields) sends us a handbill issued by a local baker calling attention to the special merits of his Simnel cakes and hot cross buns—and to the missionary exhibition! Also to a *Daily News* leaflet nominally about the Licensing Bill, and containing, by the way, a very incorrect summary of it, but also advertising the paper as "the national Liberal organ," &c. J. J. C. found copies of this leaflet on all the seats of a local chapel. Commercial Christianity with a vengeance!

H. B. C. (Manchester).—Rather rough on the chap, but law is law and must not be confused with justice.

O. H. (Southampton).—We have already dealt with that "earnest Church worker"—the artful dog.

BOLAN (London).—Much obliged for useful cuttings from the *Wine Trade Review*.

E. A. L. (London).—We will make good use of the extract from the *Spitalfields Parish Magazine*. It will be interesting to see how much the church will return to the brewers!

G. H. S. (Catford).—Must have been a misprint. Mr. Gamage isn't the man to make a blunder like that.

T. W. R. (Kent).—Much obliged. Best regards.

"SARTOR RESARTUS" (London).—A very good biscuit.

J. W. K. (Finsbury Park).—We have no statistics of the number of people likely to walk twelve miles for a drink. It would be much simpler to go by train, and few people nowadays are six miles from a station.

H. F. B. (Tonbridge).—We do not understand your quotation from *Vanity Fair*, but it sounds like what is commonly known as printers' pie.

J. A. H. (Poplar).—Thanks for informing us that there is to be an interesting case at the City of London Court, but we have quite enough to do with our own litigation.

C. V. M. (South Kensington).—We did not notice Judge Willis' remark, "I don't believe my wife or any lady ever put on anything that I did not notice." He must be a very observant man.

E. R. G. (Anerley) sends a contradictory cutting from the *Daily Chronicle*, but it is not funny enough for a biscuit.

W. H. (Bristol) considers prayer a sort of reproach to the Creator. But surely he is invoking the evil one, when he asks "Where the devil is Jim Crow now?" The answer is that Crow has sometimes been *crow*ded out by advertisements, which are much more valuable than his writings.

W. H. D. (Nottingham) sends us a curious piece of information: "An inspector (food and drugs) walked into my shop last week and asked for a 2 lbs. loaf. Naturally twigging something, I weighed it. It was short weight, so made it up. While he was in, a customer came in for a loaf same price as his. I gave her one without weighing. Can you see my point? The public always think they are getting 2 lbs. loaf, or nearly always. But, bless you, they don't. Certainly there are some conscientious bakers, but they soon get bankrupt." W. H. D. thinks that there ought to be a law compelling all bakers to sell their bread by weight. But we are not enamoured of legislation to interfere with trade, and, after all, the public have the remedy in their own hands. By the bye we thought there already was such a law, but W. H. D. ought to know best.

"JUMP JIM."—It certainly has not occurred to us that because German workmen are badly off, therefore Protection is necessary for England. We are not yet taking any horse sausages, thank you

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS THROWN AWAY.

Spend Sixpence in buying Vi-Cocoa, and medicine will be found unnecessary.

The proper assimilation of the food they eat is of paramount importance to every man, woman, and child.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa taken regularly at breakfast and supper will do more to assure this than any medicine ever invented.

For Vi-Cocoa is not only self-digesting in itself, it also assists in the digestion of other foods.

Though thousands of pounds are thrown away every year on drugs, they cannot replenish the system after the daily wasting of tissues. But Vi-Cocoa, which is neither a medicine nor a mere thirst-assuager, will do this when taken regularly. In this respect Vi-Cocoa has gained a world-wide reputation, and is undoubtedly unsurpassed by any other Food-Beverage.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa — a packet of which can be obtained everywhere for the small sum of sixpence — is easily absorbed by even the most delicate with the least digestive complication.

BANKING BY POST

CURRENT ACCOUNTS.

We cordially invite you to send for a Copy of our FREE BOOKLET explaining how you can Bank with the People's Bank BY POST, just as expeditiously as if you lived next door to it.

Accounts opened with £1 upwards and kept FREE OF CHARGE.

Overdrafts for Business Purposes Granted.

FARROW'S BANK LTD., (The People's Bank.)

Head Office: 1, Cheapside, London, E.C. (Opposite the G.P.O.)
Branches and Agencies in every County of the United Kingdom.

YOU ARE INVITED
to send a postcard for H. Samuel's
FREE BOOK OF 3,000
FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS.
Every purchase means a saving of almost one-half on the usual retail prices—thousands saving money!
Month's Free Trial with any Article. Write to-day.
H. SAMUEL, 168, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.
Chief London Branch, 176, Strand, W.C.

5/6 REAL GOLD Solid Gipsy Set RING with four diamonds and three rubies.

PROMPT CASH ADVANCES

£100 TO £10,000 LENT PRIVATELY

on approved note of hand, without security.

FIELDINGS
18, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

For any period in Town or Country. Repayments as mutually agreed upon. No fees or bills of sale, and strictest privacy.

Advances on 2nd mortgages. Bills discounted.

E. D. (Wales).—We have had many similar complaints about Acte and Co. We quite agree that something ought to be done to prevent firms of this kind carrying on their nefarious business.

"CRUEL CORSETS" is very angry with us because we saw two sides of the question which interested her. We still think that shop girls should be allowed to wear what they like, but that in some cases employers should have something to say about costume. To sum up the situation, we believe in free trade for employers and employed.

A. W. C. (Sandown, I.W.).—Alas, we have by this time lost your biscuit. Perhaps our cat ate it.

R. H. I. (Darwin).—Certainly not. We shall give no biscuit to the *Manchester Guardian* for classifying a report of "Suffragists mobbed at Southport" under the heading of "Sport." It *was* sport.

W. H. A. (Loughborough).—The mummers have evidently affected the pronunciation. Or perhaps that wretched printer has been running amok again.

T. P. (London, W.) ordered some teeth from Lord Haldon, Secretary of the Artificial Teeth Aid Society, 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. They were not satisfactory, and he is now being dunned for a balance of 3s. 6d. As he has lost the teeth by this time, he will probably have to pay up, but we are obliged to him for informing us of the present occupation of one of our hereditary legislators. Meanwhile, in his place, we should be in no hurry to gratify the noble lord.

A. R. (Norwich).—We should imagine that the misrepresentation about the number of subscribers would justify a repudiation of the contract with the Tabard Inn book people. Very likely the misrepresentation was accidental, but that is no consolation to the agent. Otherwise, the contract being very clear, there would probably be no way out of the agreement.

T. M. (Cardiff).—We never denied that the clergy subscribed to clerical funds. They are quite right to help themselves.

D. L. (Warwick Road) wants a biscuit for a newspaper which gave two horses as "also ran," and went on to say that they were left at the post. All the same the bookmakers would regard them as runners.

H. R. (Walthamstow) wants us to expound the Baconian theory, but we beg leave to decline. We recommend him to peruse an article on the alleged William Shakespeare in *Reynolds's Newspaper* of April 5.

J. Q. (Glasgow) wants a biscuit for an advertisement of some auction sales which appeared after the sales had taken place. Bang went several saxpences.

R. H. (Crosby).—We agree that that pot takes the kettle.

G. H. (Gray's Inn Road).—We do not know the gentleman in question, but we are always glad of support.

C. J. F. (Peckham).—Four goals from a free kick are certainly quick.

J. A. (Blackfriars).—Don't be anxious. Jim has been away trying to sell some shares.

W. G. H. (East Ham).—We do not see your difficulty, but Crow returns your compliment with interest. Would you care to take an interest in his new gold mine? We should advise you to do nothing of the kind.

"MEIRION DAR" (Aberdare).—If the two Houses of Parliament disagreed, there would be no necessity to appeal either to the King or to the country. So you win your bet. Our advertising department is quite independent of the editorial department.

J. McT.—Please translate.

F. B. (North Kensington).—Thanks for letter with enclosure. We share your appreciation of Mr. Silvester Horne's modesty.

"FAIRPLAY" (Edinburgh).—You are quite wrong in thinking that we sneer at religion. By the way, would not it be more consistent with your *nom-de-plume* if you gave your name and address, as a guarantee of good faith?

G. F. J. (Swadlincote).—Thanks for interesting letter, but we think we must award you a biscuit for wishing to "butter your bread with a chunk of cheese."

C. J. K. (East Dulwich) thinks Mr. Dahle should be awarded a biscuit for suggesting that the *number* of every motor car should be printed in red *letters*, but we are afraid we cannot spare our valuable biscuits for home consumption.

J. D. (Ramsgate).—We do not recommend any of these so-called institutes.

H. E. C. (Ipswich).—The meeting of the committee "to consider the question of cow keeping, at the offices," does not imply that the animals were there. There is much virtue in a comma.

MR. ROBERT CALDWELL, of 98, Henton Road, Leicester, despises us for our dirty ways of advertising ourselves, and signs himself "Yours in disgust." We thought he was in a lunatic asylum on the other side of the water.

T. B. C. (Montreal).—We have frequently pointed out that our editorial and advertisement departments are quite distinct.

F. W. P.—By all means send us along the information, but our hands are pretty full just at present.

H. H. S. (Oakley Square) and others.—Thanks for cutting from the *Evening News*. We have awarded a biscuit.

W. T. J. (Lisson Grove).—We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of differentiating between the merits of our various advertisers.

J. A. C. (Bristol).—It sounds marvellous, does it not?

Indigestion and Debility:

For these ailments Guy's Tonic is the exact Remedy needed. Many thousands of people in all walks of life know this to be so. Read the experiences related in the selection of unsolicited letters printed below.

IMPRESSIVE EVIDENCE:

The Army:

Col. E. G. M. Donnithorpe, of Queen's Gate, London, S.W., writes:

"I am constantly suffering from Constipation and Indigestion, the results of a campaign, and am now taking Guy's Tonic, which I find excellent."

The Doctor:

Dr. C. P. Sprink, M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. (Lond.), writing from Johannesburg, South Africa, says:

"I find that Guy s Tonic is particularly useful in the treatment of the after-effects of Influenza and Malarial Fever. It soon removes the Nervous Prostration and Debility following these Diseases."

The Church:

Rev. A. W. Lefroy, of Appleshaw Vicarage, Andover, writes:

"I have taken Guy's Tonic on occasions when I have suffered from Indigestion, Nervousness, and Loss of Appetite. I have always found Guy's Tonic have a speedy and beneficial effect—in fact, I have received so much benefit from it myself that I recommend it unhesitatingly to my friends. Those who have tried Guy's Tonic have received like benefit."

When feeling Weak, Depressed, and Tired-out, the quickest way to renewed Health and Strength is to be found in Guy's Tonic. This pleasant and purely Vegetable Remedy Promotes an excellent Appetite, ensures perfect Digestion, and restores Nerve Force and Vitality in Nature's own way.

Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d. per Bottle (Family size 2s. 9d.), is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the World.

Gregg Shorthand.

The leading Shorthand in America.
No shading or position writing.

EASY TO LEARN. EASY TO WRITE. EASY TO READ.

GREGG SHORTHAND has many advantages over the old-time systems, is superior to them in speed and legibility, and can be learned much more quickly and easily.

Send a post-card for a free specimen.

It will show you how easily you can learn.

GUILBERT PITMAN, 95 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Liverpool VICTORIA Legal FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

CHIEF OFFICE—ST. ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Claims paid exceed..... £9,500,000
Invested Funds..... £3,150,000
Cash Bonuses paid..... £365,000

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES AT POPULAR RATES.
WORLD WIDE POLICIES.

CUTLERY

Manufacturers' Catalogue Post Free. Sheffield Table Cutlery, Pocket Knives, Razors, Scissors, &c. Beautiful Sheffield Electro Silver Plate, Cruets, Tea Services, and a charming variety of Sheffield Silver Art Work for Wedding Presents. This interesting Book is a valuable Guide to the Sheffield Cutlery and Plate Industries; it connects the purchaser and the factory in a most beneficial manner and puts you in the best market for these beautiful and reliable products which have made Sheffield famous the world over. *Ask for Catalogue 21.*
J. G. GRAVES, Ltd., Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD.

A HEALTHY CONCERN.

"John Bull" Readers' Opportunity of Obtaining Twenty Per Cent. Shares in One of the Most Prosperous Undertakings of Modern Times.

In these days of industrial crises that do so much to jeopardise the profit arising from commercial enterprises, while trade is adversely affected by a multitude of causes, the man with a little money to invest has a difficult task in deciding in which direction to proceed. Even the small rates of interest and insignificant dividends are attended with risk.

But, as a matter of fact, there are always a few safe openings. At the present moment, one of the safest, and probably the most profitable is one that offers from 10 to 20 per cent. interest, with many unique advantages. Not the least attractive feature about it is its entire independence of those conditions which so seriously affect general enterprises. Whether trade is booming in one direction or another, whether strikes are prevalent North or South, whatever influences are operating against investments generally, there is certain profit accruing to the undertaking of the International Securities Corporation, Ltd., a number of shares in which can now be obtained.

It will be remembered that John Bull recently investigated the business conducted by the International Securities Corporation, Ltd., and the result was the publication of an article in which a tribute was paid to its honesty and businesslike principles. The demand that has arisen for these shares is striking testimony not only to the confidence which a public investigation breeds, but to the attractiveness of the offer.

Phenomenal Success.

The International Securities Corporation, Ltd., handles the great bulk of that phenomenally successful undertaking, the distribution of Premium Bonds. The public have realised that these Bonds represent guaranteed high interest, Government Security, and many opportunities of gaining thousands of pounds, and, seeing that they are well within reach of all classes of the community, they are literally clamouring for them. Consequently, the prosperity of the International Securities Corporation, Ltd., is undoubted, and in offering the shares the directors are able to make the gratifying announcement that they stand at 10 per cent. interest, with a very right prospect of rising almost immediately to 15 or 20 per cent.

Indeed, so assured are the directors of the success of the Corporation, that they have agreed not to accept any remuneration for their services until the 10 per cent. dividend has been paid. A safe investment at an immediate 10 per cent. is seldom available, and when there is at the same time every indication that this is the minimum interest, the value of the offer can be realised. But there is much more to mention about these shares, which makes them absolutely unique.

An Interesting Innovation.

A most interesting feature, for instance, is an innovation, which will be welcomed by all shareholders. It has long been a complaint, and justly so, that shareholders are too frequently kept in the dark concerning matters affecting companies with which they ought to be acquainted. Consequently, there have been bickerings developing into absolute hostility on the part of the shareholders against the directors, resulting in stormy meetings and distinctly strained relations.

All who take up shares in the International Securities Corporation, Ltd., will be directly interested in the management. They will have opportunities of learning everything about the business, because it has been arranged that shareholders shall join the Board of Directors in turn. It has been decided that there shall be a monthly ballot, so that every shareholder will have an opportunity of taking his turn on the Board. The shareholder will not be expected to *give* his services as a Director, although the advantage to him is admittedly great.

Every shareholder who takes his turn as a Director of the International Securities Corporation will be the recipient of a salary at the rate of £1,000 a year. So he will be in the position of holding shares that pay from 10 to 20 per cent., of having an intimate knowledge of the business, and of being remunerated for really only nominal duties at the rate of £1,000 a year. The object of making these shareholders directors is not so much that of employing the shareholder in the interests of the Corporation, as of inspiring confidence in the general body. When shareholders are individually afforded access to the confidential books and documents of a concern, and can personally judge of its standing, there can be no suspicion of the directors, or attacks on the business that can only have the effect of injuring it.

How to Learn Details.

The directors of the International Securities Corporation, Ltd., invite the confidence of the shareholders by deserving it. The fact that John Bull has been able, after a close investigation, to speak of the honourable and business-like methods of the Corporation, should have a powerful influence on readers of this journal. But readers are invited to learn all about the shares before coming to a decision. A booklet has been prepared explaining all details in connection with the shares, and a perusal of this will convince the reader that this is an opportunity of becoming rich that ought not to be ignored.

A point that should be emphasised is that these shares may, if desired, be exchanged for Premium Bonds, which are undoubtedly the best means of getting rich quickly and easily, and at the same time without risk or inconvenience. The small sum of half-a-crown a week is sufficient to earn interest at from 10 to 100 per cent., and at the same time entitles the Bondholder to participate in the distribution of huge bonuses. In some cases these bonuses amount in the aggregate to £40,000, which amount is divided into substantial premiums of from £1,000 to £20,000.

The shares are decidedly attractive. The question is: "Are you sufficiently interested to send a post-card for a booklet, which will furnish any further information you need?"

The post-card does not in any way commit you to anything. It merely brings to you the information that will guide you in forming an opinion as to the value of the opportunity to which your attention is now being drawn. Shares worth 10 to 20 per cent., and carrying with such unique advantages as those which accompany the International Securities Corporation shares, cannot be picked up every day in the week, and when such an offer is made, it should be fully condidered.

Life Insurance Free.

A feature that will undoubtedly popularise the shares—if anything were needed beyond what has been described to popularise them—is that of free insurance. A life insurance would cost at least from 30s. to £5, according, of course, to the age at which the person is insured. Yet the International Securities Corporation, Ltd., have made arrangements to insure free of cost, without any medical examination, the life of every shareholder. It is guaranteed by the Empire Guarantee Corporation, one of the foremost insurance societies. Its capital is £500,000. This is a splendid opportunity of getting insured not only absolutely free of cost, but in a highly profitable way.

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However, don't decide in a hurry. Consider it carefully, but at once, and if further information is needed, drop a postcard without delay to the Secretary, International Securities Corporation, Ltd., 144, Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W. By return you will receive a most interesting booklet. But remember that time in this case means money.—[ADVT.]

J. W. W. (Hornsey).—We do not see what you are troubling about, but you can write to the Secretary to the Post Office about the alteration in the address of your letter. However, if you do so, the only result will be that you will get a polite acknowledgment and an equally useless promise to inquire into the matter.

T. W. R. (Camden Town) and "MABS" (Penzance).—Inquests can be held both on fires and on treasure trove, so there is no excuse for a biscuit.

"NEMO" (Somerton) sends us an advertisement of a hairdresser who does "shaving, hairdressing and shampooing while you wait." At any rate, he has patient customers.

W. H. S. (Catford) is annoyed with the Salvation Army for issuing invitations to "come drunk or sober" to their meetings. But they probably know their own business best.

W. J. E. (Paignton).—It was certainly versatile of the man who "lent a hand" to kick two goals.

J. E. P. (Cape Town) agrees with most of our views, but has no sympathy with Asiatics. But we may be allowed to love them at a distance.

A. D. U. (Randfontein, Transvaal).—We are glad to hear that sport survives down there, but we agree that a prize fight ought not to be reported as "shipping news."

E. D. (Barnard Castle).—If the new bell was filled with ten guineas' worth of double strong ale for the benefit of the good people of Flixton, we do not see how it could have been "deposited in a small hole." Why did not you let Jim Crow know sooner? Thanks for your efforts on our behalf.

"ENGLISHMAN."—Your compliments are much appreciated. All compliments are.

F. H. (Paddington).—We agree that it is a pity so many hotels employ foreign managers and servants, but the matter is in the hands of people who visit hotels and seem to be ready to stand anything—except drinks.

H. B. (Southampton).—What have we done or left undone that you should send us a tract? Is there no health in us?

T. R. T. (Ferndale).—We have no staff capable of "examining your little invention" for an improved boot. Jim Crow, however, says that he would be pleased to wear a pair, but we cannot recommend you to forward them, as he would most likely take them straight to the pawnshop.

S. S. (Upper Holloway).—Personally we do not share your view as to the relative literary merits of the gentlemen you name. We note the contents of the other paragraph of your letter.

J. H. S. (Consett).—We think Miss Orchard deserves a biscuit.

E. M. (Lambeth).—That printer again!

A. B. (Seven Kings).—We have already awarded the Salvation Army a biscuit in connection with its emigration scheme.

"ATE" (Birmingham).—You must not mix up our advertising and editorial departments. They are quite independent.

B. J. E. (Bromley), L. D. (New Cross), Corporal B. B. (Aldershot), "PAOLO" (Glasgow), J. F. M. (Poplar), J. P. Y. (Sutton), G. C. A. T. (Balham), "ELEANOR" (Barry), G. T. W. (South Tottenham), W. G. (Newcastle), R. A. (Wandsworth), P. H. H. (Devizes), Mrs. B. B. (Southport), "SHROPSHIRE READER," S. T. (Brixton), H. F. R., F. E. M. (Wimbledon), G. M. (Norbury), "LEX. G.," T. J. E. (East Sheen), P. McI. (Paisley), H. D. (Gosforth), F. J. P. (Acton), R. G. M. (Liverpool), W. R. (Greenock), J. B. A. (Leicester), H. P. (Rochdale), "AN ADMIRER OF JOHN BULL," A. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), R. B. (Hexham), J. A. Y. (Horsham), "A SCHOOLMASTER," L. C. H. (Broughty Ferry), T. P. (Walthamstow), J. H. W. (London, S.W.), E. C. E. (Southsea), M. W. (New Cross), "VECTENSIAN," C. I. (Jersey), R. T. (Bayham), G. H. P. (Catford), H. B. (South Tottenham), C. F. S. (Wandsworth), J. W. P. (Cardiff), C. H. F (Devonport), T. F. (Fleet Street), Miss E. (Victoria Park), G. M. (Camberwell), E. M. (Seaforth), Mrs. F. O. (Basingstoke), and S. C. S. (Ilford). All duly noted, with our grateful compliments.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

If so, what is your Number?

See page 413.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lorimer.

("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of "*The Globe*.")

Never Understandable.

It is an extraordinary thing, showing the real stupidity of the law shielded behind mere technicality, that in France bookmaking is illegal, but allowable between people who know each other and do not actually pass the cash, as here.

Studying the Public.

Relative to the Bank Holiday meetings, I have a suggestion to make, the outcome of observing how the crowd lacked and missed the use of a race-card being the main reason for this proposal. There is no truer sportsman than your *occasional* holiday attendant, who takes interest in every possible thing that happens, and likes to follow and identify each jockey, horse, and incident. Many of them—especially those who only pay 1s. to roam about on the course—cannot afford 6d. for a race-card, or think it extravagant; so they bring with them every class of literature, books of form, or, more likely, cuttings from the morning issues giving the programme, with the names of the arrivals or probable runners. As these are not numbered like race-cards, paper programmes are often very misleading, and, moreover, give no colours, which, to the great majority, are unknown from memory. Therefore, quite half the pleasure of these very occasional attendants is spoiled. My proposal would be that on such *public* holiday dates—which, in the main, are shirked by members and belong to the *hoi polloi*—race-cards should be *reduced* to 3d. This would enable nearly *everybody* present to possess one, for the charge is reasonable; and it would be better to sell *twice* as many at half-rate than a limited number at the full figure, only to have a great many left over, after the meeting, absolutely useless. Moreover, the cards themselves cost very little; after the main expense of "setting up," it is almost immaterial whether 5,000, or 20,000 are printed. I always consider that racegoers should be *presented* with their official card *free*, as is the case abroad and in the Colonies, and similarly in many of our theatres. Pending the time of this unquestioned eventual grant by race executives, it would be an advisable stepping-stone to reduce the cost on these big dates just as the entrance fee is now similarly minimised for these special occasions. Don't spoil the ship for the proverbial ha'porth of tar.

Prophetic.

To-day (Thursday) CHRYSOBERYL should take his Sandown race, whilst

BLOODSTONE AND KILRUDDERY

are "expected" in Saturday's jumping.

THE first Buddhist monk to visit this country is Bhikshu Ananda Metteyya, a MacGregor. On his arrival in England from Rangoon, the monk was met by Argyll cars and driven from the docks to Barnes. The works of the Argyll Company are at Alexandria, which is in the heart of the MacGregor country.

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